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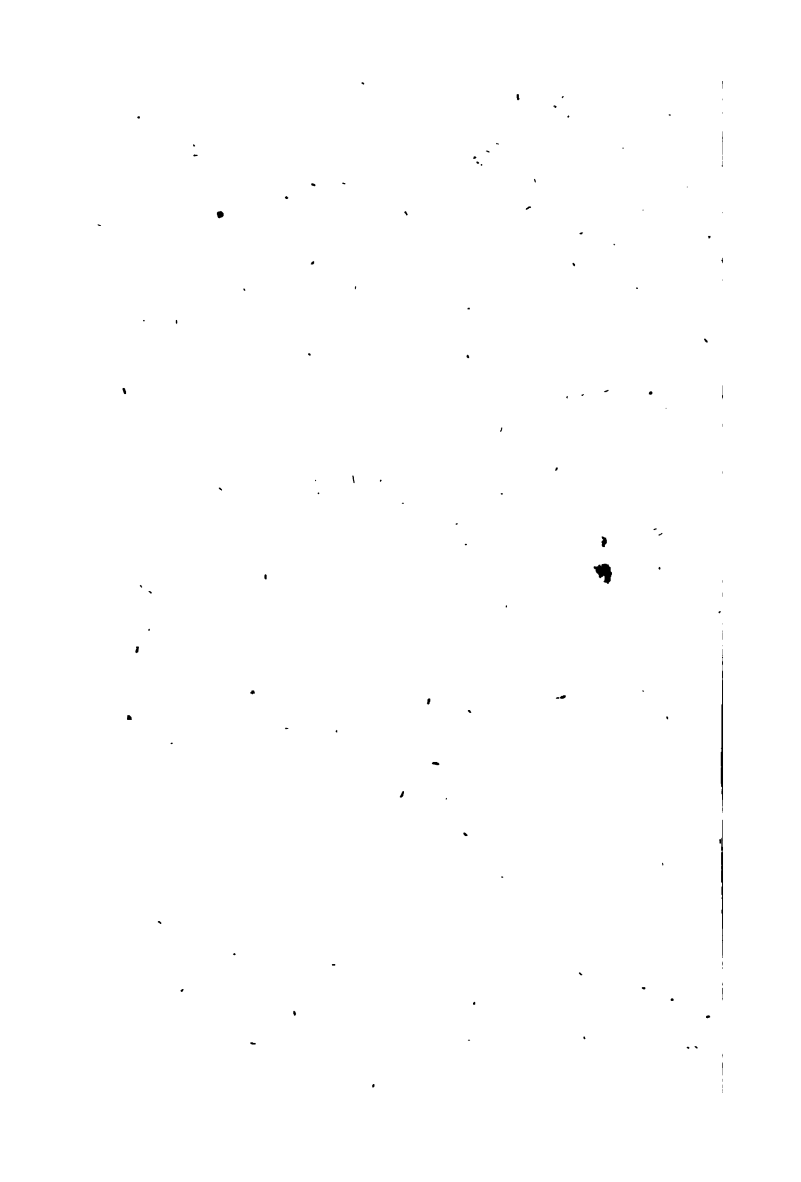
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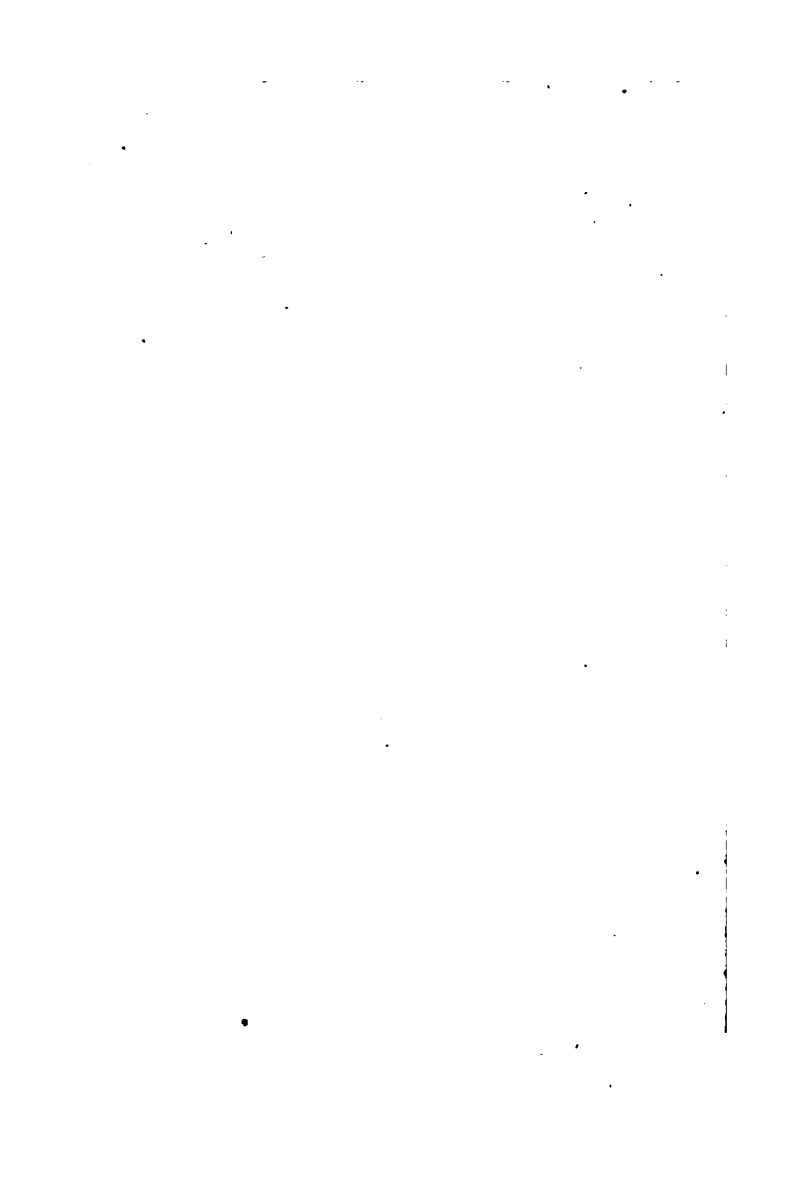
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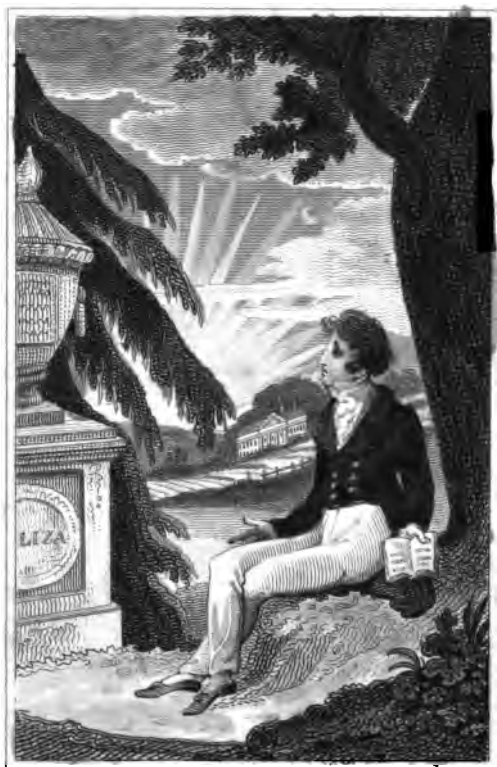








## FRONTISPIECE



Here the young Squire sat down at the foot of an aged oak.

**An Evenings Walk. •**

*Young Moralist page 172.*

*London. Published by William Darton Jun. Feb. 1. 1789.*

THE  
**YOUNG MORALIST,**

CONSISTING OF  
ALLEGORICAL AND ENTERTAINING  
ESSAYS,

In Prose and Verse.

COMPILED FROM VARIOUS AUTHORS.

CHIEFLY

*Designed to implant the Principles of Virtue and Morality  
in the Minds of Young Gentlemen and Ladies.*

ADORNED WITH CUTS,

With a poetical Portrait of the Editor, drawn from life.

—  
FIFTH EDITION, ENLARGED,  
WITH OCCASIONAL NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.  
—

BY G. WRIGHT, Esq.

*Editor of Mental Pleasures, &c. &c.*

---

*Be Good—and let Heav'n answer for the rest.*

YOUNG'S NIGHT THOUGHTS.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR WILLIAM DARTON, JUN. 58, HOLBORN HILL.

E. W. Morris, Printer, High Wycombe.

1819.



# A POETICAL PORTRAIT OF THE EDITOR,

*Drawn from Life,—in the 65th Year of his Age.*

I'M A WONDER TO MANY!

I HAVE been young, but now am old,  
And can some wondrous things unfold;  
While from what may be said of me,  
I must be deem'd an *Oddity*.

I'm truly strait, none can deny;  
This may be seen with half an eye.  
And yet am under *five* feet high.

I've had a *little* wife, 'tis true,  
And also had *five* mothers too,  
Which can be said by very few.

And what may seem as strange a thing,  
I'm George the *Third*, but not the *King*.<sup>\*</sup>  
The woman who I made my wife,  
Born *right*, was truly right for life;  
Tho' married, never chang'd her name,  
As *right* she liv'd, she died the same.

Whatever others may pursue,  
I daily wish to keep in view,  
To *be*, to *do*, and *get* good too.

Yet after all, I can't deny,  
But what I should not, that do I.

However strange, it is a truth,  
I had three voices in my youth;  
And still have *two*, but cannot say,  
Now I'm in years, how long I may:  
But this I'm truly sure of still,  
(In health or sickness, well or ill,  
And what your wonder may excite,  
I daily eat, but nothing *bite*,<sup>†</sup>  
And often wrong, yet always *right*.

*Frederick-Place, October 10.*

\* My Father had two sons, named George, before me.

† Having no teeth



## *To the Reader.*

---

IT has been justly lamented for many years past, that the young and tender minds of the rising generation, are too frequently poisoned by the noxious ingredients, which modern *novels, romances,* and such like publications, are principally made up of.

The complaint is too true, respecting *both* sexes; young persons for want of something better to read, often have recourse to such books as are calculated, and tend only, to excite passions of the most dangerous nature; conscious hereof, the Editor of the following Treatise, has extracted from various *miscellanies*, what he thinks most likely to be a *pleasing* antidote to the *poison* abovementioned; and earnestly recommends it to the perusal of every youth, who wishes to be instructed in the attainment of *VIRTUE, WISDOM* and true *FELICITY*.

*Frederick Place, May 15, 1811.*

G. W.

# CONTENTS.



	PAGE.
RURAL Probity, an interesting narrative- . . . .	1
Erroneous Judgment of Mortals . . . . .	18
The Virtuous Courtier . . . . .	26
The History of Honestus, a pleasing tale- . . . .	32
Avarice punished- . . . . .	41
The Angel and Anchorite . . . . .	46
On the Government of the Passions- . . . .	52
The History of Damon and Pythias . . . . .	58
The Travels of Fancy . . . . .	65
Selima; a Persian Tale . . . . .	70
History of Alcander and Septimius . . . . .	78
The Miser convinced of his Error . . . . .	87
The Kingdom of Fame and Content . . . . .	100
The Imprudent Intimacy . . . . .	109
An Eastern Sage's Advice to his Son . . . . .	120
The History of Abraoulf . . . . .	123
The Hermit of Lebanon . . . . .	130
Selim; an Eastern Tale . . . . .	139
Affecting passage between a Father and his Son . . . .	151
Friendship; an Allegory. . . . .	153
Remarkable Instance of Filial Piety . . . . .	159
Carlos and Antonio . . . . .	163
The King and the Dervise. . . . .	167
The Orphan Maid; a pathetic fragment. . . . .	169
An Evening's Walk, by the Editor. . . . .	171



THE  
YOUNG MORALIST.

In Prose and Verse.

---

RURAL PROBITY;

OR,

HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY.

*An interesting Narrative.*

---

PERRIN, a rural swain, was born in a small village in Devonshire; when he came into the world, Poverty received him into her cold embraces; he lost both his father and mother before he could pronounce their names; he owed his maintenance to public charity; he learned to read and write; this was the utmost extent of his education. At the age of *fifteen* he hired himself to a farmer; he was entrusted with the care of a flock. Lucetta, a young girl of the neighbourhood, at the same time tended her father's sheep. She led them to pastures, where she often met Perrin, who

paid her all the little services, and assiduities that were possible at his age, and his situation. Their custom of being together, their quiet occupations, their innocence and goodness of heart, their officious attention to each other, produced a mutual attachment.

They were fond of each others company; they waited with impatience for the hour at which they usually met in the meadow; they quitted it with regret, because when they were to leave it, they were to separate. Their young hearts were susceptible; they already felt the passion of love, though they were ignorant of its nature and tendency. Five years glided away in innocent amusements; their sentiments grew more animated and ardent; they never met without the warmest emotions, which were heightened by the artless expressions of their love. Lucetta frequently checked Perrin's passion, not without regretting the constraint to which she was subjected by her conscious and ingenuous modesty; Perrin sighed, and imitated her cautious behaviour. They both wished to be united by wedlock, and

communicated to each other their mutual desire.\* Marriage is the final object of rural love. Seducement is not known in the innocent village; the coquette and the man of intrigue are characters not to be met with there.

Perrin intended to ask Lucetta of her father; he communicated his intention to his mistress, who blushed at the proposal, yet frankly acknowledged that it gave her a very sensible pleasure. She did not, however, chuse to be present at the interview between him and her father; she told her lover she was going to the neighbouring town next day, desired him to avail himself of her absence, and to acquaint her, in the evening, with his success. The young man at the appointed time, flew to Lucetta's father. He opened his mind to him without reserve. Studied persuasion and art are not the talents of rustic orators. He frankly told him that he loved Lucetta. — You love my daughter, answered the old man abruptly! You would *marry* her!

\* Virtuous love dwells only in innocent and virtuous minds; but vicious desires are the baneful offspring of contaminated affections.

Are you in earnest, Perrin? How do you propose to live? Have you cloaths to give her? Have you a roof to cover her? Have you food to support her? You are a servant, you have nothing. Lucetta is not rich enough to maintain herself and you. Perrin, you are not in a condition to keep a wife and family. I have hands, replied Perrin, I have health and strength. A man who loves his wife never wants employment; and what industry would I not exert to maintain Lucetta? Hitherto, I have gained *eight* pounds every year; I have saved *twenty*; they will defray the expences of the wedding. I will work more diligently; my savings will augment; I shall be able to take a little farm; the richest inhabitants of our village have begun as poorly as I shall set off in life; why may I not succeed as well as they? Very true, Perrin, you are young, you must wait for some time yet; when I find you are a *rich* man, my daughter is your's;\* but till then, make me no more such absurd and romantic proposals.

\* This is too much the language of fathers in the present day; a prudent care is necessary, but riches cannot secure happiness.

Perrin could obtain no other answer ; he ran to meet Lucetta ; she soon found he was deeply affected with his disappointment ; she read on his face the tidings he was going to announce. My father then has refused you. Ah, Lucetta, how unhappy I am to have been born poor ! But I have not lost all hope ; my situation may change ; your husband would have spared no pains to procure you a comfortable subsistence ; will not your lover do as much, to have the happiness of one day possessing you ; we shall yet be united ; I will not quit the delightful prospect. I conjure you to keep your heart for me ; remember you have pledged it to me. Should your father propose a match for you, Lucetta ! That is the only misfortune I can fear : your compliance would terminate my life. And could I, Perrin, marry any one but you ? No, if I am not your wife, I will be the wife of no other man upon earth.

They held this conversation as they walked along the road, but night advancing, obliged them to quicken their pace. The evening was dark ; Perrin's foot hit



against something in the road, and he fell. He searched for what occasioned his fall; he finds it; it is a heavy bag; he takes it up; and curious to know what it contains, he goes with Lucetta into a field, where a fire, which the peasants had lighted in the day-time, was yet burning. By the light of this fire he opens the bag, and finds gold in it. What do I see, cried Lucetta! Ah, Perrin, you are become rich! It is possible, replied Perrin, that it is now in my power to possess you? Can Heaven have been so propitious to our love as to bestow upon me what will procure your father's consent to our marriage, and make us happy? This idea infuses joy into their souls. They view the gold with eagerness, almost distrustful of their eyes; sometimes they quit the shining object, and look on each other with tenderness and transport. Their first surprize being abated they count the sum; it amounts to one hundred pounds. They are enchanted with their welcome treasure. Ah, Lucetta, cries Perrin, your father can no longer oppose my happiness. Lucetta cannot find words to answer him, but her eyes

are animated and eloquent; she presses her lover's hand with rapture. Perrin is now certain that his bliss will soon be ratified: he embraces his mistress with ardour and extacy: he is absorbed in the idea of his approaching felicity.

Amiable Lucetta, cries he, how dear is this fortune to me, for I shall share it with you! They tie up their treasure, and proceed towards Lucetta's father's, for they were determined to shew it immediately to the old man. They were now near this house, when on a sudden Perrin stopped. By this gold, says he, we expect to be happy; but is it ours? It undoubtedly belongs to a traveller: the fair at Woolston is just ended. Some merchant has probably lost it in his return home; at this very moment, whilst we are giving ourselves up to joy, he perhaps, is a prey to despair.—Your reflection is terrible, answered Lucetta. The unhappy man without doubt is in the utmost distress. Can we enjoy what belongs to him? You make me tremble.—We were carrying this money to your father, replied Perrin; through its influence, he would unques-

tionably have consented to make us happy : but could we have been happy in usurping the property of another ? Let us go to the rector of our parish, he has always shewn me great humanity ; he recommended me to the master whom I now serve ; I should take no material step without consulting him.

The rector was at home. Perrin gave him the bag which he had found. He owned that he at first looked upon it as a gift from heaven : he acquainted him with his love of Lucetta, and with the obstacle which his poverty had been to their union.

The good man was all attention, he gave them looks of paternal affection ; their behaviour awoke the sensibility of his soul ; he saw the ardour of a mutual passion glisten in their eyes ; he admired their passion, but he more admired their probity. He applauded their generous conduct. Perrin, said he, cherish these sentiments as long as you live. The consciousness of them will make you happy, and they will draw down from Providence a blessing on your endeavours.

We shall find the owner of this money ; he will recompence your integrity ; to his reward I will add a part of the money I have saved : Lucetta shall be your's ; I will take upon me to obtain her father's consent ; you are worthy of each other. If the money which you have deposited with me is not reclaimed, it belongs to the poor ; you are the poor ; in restoring it to you, I shall think that I act in obedience to Providence, who, by your finding it, and lodging it with me, has already marked you as an object of his favour.

The two lovers retired, satisfied with having done their duty, and enlivened with the hope of being united.

The bag was proclaimed in the rector's parish ; advertisements of it were posted up at Veinfeld, and all the neighbouring villages. It was claimed by many avaricious and selfish persons ; but none of them gave an accurate account of the sum the specie, and the bag which contained it.

In the mean time, the rector did not forget that he had promised to espouse Perrin's interest. He took a little farm for him, he bought him cattle and imple-


ments of husbandry, and two months after, he married him to Lucetta.

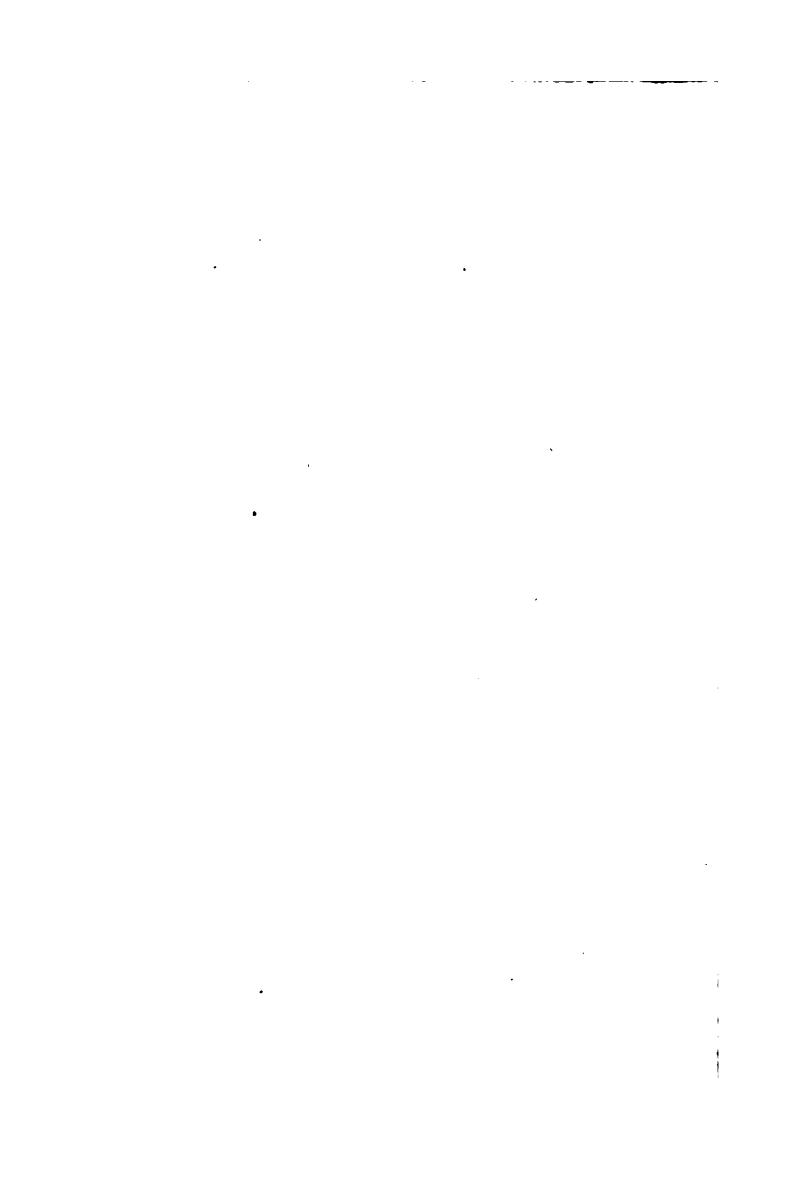
The hearts of the fortunate couple, who now had arrived to the summit of their wishes, daily overflowed with gratitude to heaven, and to the rector.

Perrin was industrious ; Lucetta was attentive to her domestic affairs. They paid their landlord with the most rigid punctuality ; they lived moderately on their profits, and were happy.

Two years expired, and the money was not reclaimed by the owner. The rector thought it superfluous to wait any longer ; he took it to the virtuous pair whom he had united. My children, said he, enjoy the bounty of Providence without abusing it : this one hundred pounds is yours now ; employ it to your honest advantage. If you should ever discover the lawful owner of it, you ought undoubtedly to restore it to him ; dispose of it in such a manner, that though you change the substance, you may retain the value.

Perrin followed his advice ; he resolved to purchase the farm which he rented. It was to be sold, and was estimated at more





## RURAL PROBITY



the other attempted to ease him of his spade.  
He smiled at their feeble efforts, caressed them  
again &c.

*Young Moralist page 11.*

than one hundred pounds, but for ready money Perrin hoped to buy it at that sum. The gold which he found, he only looked upon as a deposit, it could not (he thought) be better secured, and the rightful possessor, if he should ever meet with him, could not be a loser.

The rector approved the project, and the purchase was soon made. As Perrin was now proprietor of the land which he had farmed, he bestowed more pains in the cultivation of it. His fields being kept in better order, and more improved, yielded a larger produce. He lived in that ease and abundance which he had been ambitious to obtain for Lucetta. Two children successively blessed their union; they rejoiced to see themselves renewed in those tender pledges of their love. Perrin, in returning from the field, was usually met by his wife, who presented his children to him; he embraced them with transport, and then clasped Lucetta in his arms. The children were eagerly officious about their father; one wiped the sweat from his face, the other attempted to ease him of his spade. He smiled



at their feeble efforts, caressed them again, and thanked heaven for having given him an affectionate wife, and children who resembled him.

Some years after the old rector died, and Perrin and Lucetta lamented his death; their minds dwelt afresh on what they owed to his humanity; the reflection made them contemplate their own situation. We too shall die, said they, and leave our farm to our children. It is not our property. If he to whom it belongs should return, they would be deprived of it for ever; we shall take the right of another with us to the grave. This idea they could not support; delicate in their integrity, they could not be happy while their consciences charged them with the least appearance of fraud. They immediately had a declaration drawn, and signed by the principal inhabitants of the village, which set forth the tenure by which they held their farm. They lodged the declaration in the hands of the new rector. This precaution, which they thought necessary to enforce a restitution that jus-

tice might exact at their children, set their minds at ease.\*

Perrin had now been settled in his farm ten years. One day, after a forenoon's hard labour, as he was going home to dinner, he saw two men overturned in a chaise on the high road, a small distance from his house. He ran to their assistance, offered them his draught horses to convey their baggage; he begged of them to go with him, and accept such refreshment as his humble roof afforded. The travellers were not hurt by their fall. This is a very unlucky place to me, said one of them, I cannot pass it without suffering some misfortune.

A great mischance befel me here about twelve years ago; I was returning from the fair at Woodston, and near this spot, I lost one hundred pounds. But did you neglect, said Perrin, who heard him with attention, to make proper enquiries for your money? It was not in my power, replied the stranger, to take the usual methods to recover it. I was just going to

\* How many would have thought themselves happy, and been easy without this rare instance of rural probity?

the East Indies; the vessel in which I was to sail would not have waited for me; all the expedients I could have fallen upon to regain my money would undoubtedly have been fruitless, and the delay they would have occasioned, would have been more prejudicial to me than the loss of it.


This discourse made Perrin's heart leap with joy; he repeated his invitation with more earnestness; he intreated the gentlemen to accept of the asylum which he offered them; he assured them that his house was the nearest, and the most commodious habitation of the place; they complied with his request, and he went on first, to shew them the way. He soon met his wife, who, according to custom, came to meet him; he desired her to hasten home, and prepare a dinner for his guests. On their arrival, he brought them some refreshment, and renewed the conversation of the one hundred pounds. By the sequel of the traveller's discourse, he was convinced that he was the man to whom he owed a restitution; he went to the new rector, informed him of what

he had learned, and begged that he would do him the favour to dine with him. He accepted his invitation, and accompanied him, admiring (as he went) the joy of the peasant on a discovery which might be his ruin.

Dinner is served up ; the travellers are charmed with the hospitality of Perrin ; they admire his domestic economy, the benevolence of his heart, the frankness of his behaviour, the ingenuous and engaging manner of Lucetta, her assiduities and her kindness. They caress the children. After dinner, Perrin shews them his house, garden and cattle ; he informs them of the situation, fertility, and produce of his fields. All this, added he to the traveller, (on whose account he was so particular) belongs to you ; the money which you lost fell into my hands ; when I found it, it was not likely to be reclaimed, I bought this farm with it, which I always intended to give up to him, who should convince me that he had a just right to it. I now resign it to you ; if I had died without finding you, the rector has a deed which confirms your property.

The stranger was for some moments lost in amazement. He read the writing which the rector put into his hand. He looked earnestly on Perrin, on Lucetta, and their children. Where am I, at length, exclaimed he! and what have I heard! What an uncommon manner of proceeding! What virtue, what nobleness of soul! Have you nothing to depend upon but this farm, added he? No; but if you do not sell it, you will need a farmer, and I hope you will give me the preference.

Your probity deserves a different recompence.' It is now *twelve* years since I lost the sum which you found; in that time God has blessed my commerce, it has been greatly extended, it has prospered; it is long since I ceased to feel the effects of my loss; your restitution now would not make me richer; you merit this little fortune; Providence has made you a present of it; I could not take it from you without offending my Creator. Keep it; it belongs to you; or, if I must have a right to it, I give it you; you might have kept it, I never should have claim-



ed it; what man would have acted like you?\*

He immediately tore the deed which the rector had given him. The world, said he, should be acquainted with your generous action. A deed to ratify my resignation in your favour; your right to the farm, and that of your children is not necessary; however, it shall be executed, to perpetuate the remembrance of your disinterestedness and honour.

Perrin and Lucetta fell at the feet of the traveller. He raised and embraced them. A notary was sent for, he engrossed the deed, but never had drawn up one of such noble contents. Perrin shed tears of gratitude and joy. My children, said he, kiss the hand of your benefactor. Lucetta, by the generosity of this worthy man the farm is now become our own, henceforth we may enjoy it without remorse.

Perrin and Lucetta, in their vacant hours, often paid encomiums to the memory of the old rector, the guardian of

\* Honesty, in the tattered garb of indigence, may justly claim the rewards of generosity and benevolence from the rich and prosperous.

their innocence, and the first promoter of their happiness. While they dwelt on the pleasing subject, tears of gratitude and affection started from their eyes. His precepts had made an indelible impression upon their minds, and by their constant observance of them, they hoped to meet him again in another and better world.

## MORAL.

*Hence learn Reader, whoever thou art, that generosity, probity, and justice, are some of the most amiable qualities of the human mind, and frequently are like virtue, their own reward.*

---

THE  
ERRONEOUS JUDGMENT  
OF  
MORTALS:  
*An Oriental Tale.*

WE SEE AND KNOW BUT IN PART.

---

**BOZALDAB**, Califf of Egypt, had dwelt securely for many years in the silken pavilions of pleasure, and had every morning anointed his head with the oil of gladness, when his only son, **Aboram**, (for

whom he had crowded his treasures with gold, extended his dominions with conquests, and secured them with impregnable fortresses) was suddenly wounded as he was hunting with an arrow from an unknown hand, and expired in the field.

Bozaldab, in the distraction of grief and despair, refused to return to his palace, and retired to the gloomiest grotto in the neighbouring mountain; he there rolled himself in the dust, tore away the hairs of his hoary beard, and dashed the cup of consolation, offered him by patience, to the ground. He suffered not his minstrels to approach his presence; but listened to the screams of the melancholy birds of midnight that flit through the solitary vaults and echoing chambers of the pyramids. "Can that God be benevolent, he cried, who thus wounds the soul, as from an ambush with unexpected sorrow, and crushes his creature in a moment with irremediable calamity? Ye lying Imans, talk no more of the justice, and kindness of an all-directing Providence! He, who you pretend reigns in heaven, is so far from protecting the miserable sons of men,



that he perpetually delights to blast the sweetest flower in the garden of hope ; and, like a malignant giant, to beat down the strongest tower of happiness, with the iron mace of his avenging anger. If this Being possessed the goodness and the power, with which flattering priests have invested him, he would doubtless be inclined and able to banish those evils which render the world a dungeon of distress, a vale of vanity and woe. I will continue in it no longer !”

At that moment he furiously raised his hand, which despair had armed with a dagger, to strike it deep into his bosom ; when suddenly thick flashes of lightning shot through the cavern, and a Being of more than human beauty and magnitude, arrayed in azure robes, crowned with amaranth, and waving a branch of palm in his right hand, arrested the arm of the trembling Califf, and said, with a majestic smile, ‘ Follow me to the top of yonder mountain.’

“ Look from hence, said the heavenly conductor, I am Coloe, the angel of peace ; look from hence into the vale below.”


Bozaldab obeyed, and beheld a barren, sultry, and solitary island, in the midst of which, sat a pale, meagre, and ghastly figure; it was a merchant just perishing with famine, and lamenting that he could find neither wild berries, nor a single spring in this forlorn uninhabited desert; and begging the protection of heaven against the tygers that would certainly destroy him, since he had consumed the last fuel he had collected, to make nightly fires to affright them. He then cast a casket of jewels on the sand as trifles of no use; and crept feeble and trembling to an eminence, where he was accustomed to sit every evening to watch the setting sun, and to make a signal to any ship that might fortunately approach the island.

“Inhabitant of heaven, cried Bozaldab, suffer not this wretch to perish by the fury of wild beasts.” “Peace, said the angel, and observe.”

He looked again, and beheld a vessel approach the desolate isle. What words can paint the rapture of the starving merchant, when the captain offered to transport him to his native country, if he

would reward him with half the jewels in his casket ! No sooner had this merciless commander received the stipulated sum, than he held a consultation with his crew, and they agreed to seize the remaining jewels, and leave the unhappy exile in the same helpless and lamentable condition in which they first discovered him. He wept and trembled, intreated and implored, in vain.

“ Will heaven permit such injustice to be practised ! ” exclaimed Bozaldab. “ Look again, said the angel, and behold the very ship, in which, short sighted as thou art, thou wishest the merchant might embark, dashed in pieces on a rock ; dost thou not hear the cries of the sinking sailors ? Presume not to direct the Governor of the Universe in his disposal of events. The man whom thou hast pitied shall be taken from his dreary solitude, but not by the method thou wouldst prescribe. His vice was avarice, by which he became at once abominable and wretched ; he fancied there was some mighty charm in wealth, which, like the wand of Abdiel, would gratify every wish, and ob-



viate every fear. This wealth, he has now been taught not only to despise, but to abhor; he cast his jewels upon the sand, and confessed them to be useless: he offered part of them to the mariner and perceived them to be pernicious; he has now learned, that they are rendered useful or vain, good or evil, only by the situation and temper of the possessor. Happy is he whom distress has taught wisdom! But turn thine eyes to another and more interesting scene."


The Califf instantly beheld a magnificent palace, adorned with the statues of his ancestors wrought in Jasper; the ivory doors of which turning on hinges of the gold of Golconda, discovered a throne of diamonds, surrounded with the rajas of fifty nations, and with ambassadors in various habits, and of different complexions, on which sat Aboram, the much lamented son of Bozaldab, and by his side, a Princess fairer than an Houri.

"Gracious Alla! it is my son, cried the Califf. O let me hold him to my heart."

"Thou canst not grasp an unsubstantial vision, replied the angel: I am now shew-

ing thee, what would have been the destiny of thy son, had he continued longer on earth." "And why, returned Bozaldab, was he not permitted to continue? Why was I not suffered to be a witness of so much felicity and power?" "Consider the secret, replied he, that dwells in the fifth heaven."

Bozaldab looked earnestly, and saw the countenance of his son, on which he had been used to behold the placid smile of simplicity, and the vivid blushes of health, now distorted with rage, and now fixed in the insensibility of drunkenness; it was again animated with disdain, it became pale with apprehension, and appeared to be withered by intemperance; his hands were stained with blood, and he trembled by turns with fury and terror. The palace so lately shining with oriental pomp, changed suddenly into the cell of a dungeon, where his son lay stretched out on the cold pavement, gagged and bound, with his eyes put out. Soon after, he perceived the favourite Sultana, who before was seated by his side, enter with a bowl of poison, which she compelled



Aboram to drink, and afterwards married the successor to his throne.

“Happy, said Coloe, is he whom Providence hath by the angel of death snatched from guilt! from whom that power is withheld, which, had he possessed, would have accumulated upon himself yet greater misery than it could bring upon others.”

“It is enough, cried Bozaldab, I adore the inscrutable schemes of Omniscience! From what dreadful evils, hath my son been rescued, by a death, which I rashly bewailed as unfortunate and premature; a death of innocence and peace, which hath blessed his memory upon earth, and transmitted his spirit to the skies.”

“Cast away the dagger, replied the heavenly messenger, which thou wast preparing to plunge into thine own heart. Exchange complaint for silence, and doubt for adoration. Can a mortal look down without giddiness and stupefaction into the vast abyss of eternal wisdom? Can a mind less than infinite, perfectly comprehend any thing among an infinity of objects mutually relative? Can the channels cut to receive the annual inun-

dations of the Nile or the Ganges, contain the waters of the ocean? Remember that perfect happiness cannot be conferred on a creature; for perfect happiness is an attribute as incommunicable as perfect power and eternity."

While the angel was speaking thus, he stretched out his pinions to fly back to the empyreum; and the flutter of his wings was like the rushing of a cataract.

MORAL.

*Learn hence the wisdom of resignation to the disposals of Omnipotence, and the folly of discontent in the station thou art placed in.*

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THE  
VIRTUOUS COURTIER,

An eastern Tale.

VIRTUE IS ITS OWN REWARD.


---

THE Califf Mahadi, of the race of the Abassides, was a lover of letters, and of pleasures. Jacoub was his favourite courtier, who like his master, had a taste for the fine arts. Jacoub sung delightfully, and possessed an uncommon share of vi-

vacuity and genius. When the prince gave an entertainment, he could not enjoy it without Jacoub's musical voice, and the bright sallies of his wit. He would often even admit him into his Haram.\* For the Califfs were not then so subject to jealousy, as the oriental Princes were afterwards; a passion which has been ever increasing among the Mussulmen.

One day Jacoub having dined with his sovereign, he mounted his horse to return home. He fell and broke his leg. The Califf being informed of this accident, expressed so much grief on the occasion, was so assiduous and anxious for the recovery of his friend, that he raised the jealousy of all those who had not the good fortune, like Jacoub, to please their master. Many of them determined to attempt the ruin of this favourite. They concerted measures to excite suspicions against him in the mind of the Prince; while Jacoub's leg was healing, he lost the favour and confidence of his master; for at court, more than at any other place, the absent are always in the wrong.

\* The apartment of the women.






The Califf had received several informations that Jacoub did secret services for the family of the Alides, his rivals and enemies. When his old favourite was recovered, instead of betraying the least suspicion of him, he affected to give him fresh testimonies of his confidence. Having one day taken him a part, he thus accosted him : Jacoub, I must own my weakness to you, I detest and dread Mehemet, of the family of the Alides : I durst never venture to banish him from Bagdad. I must get rid of him.

The favourite represented to his master, that Mehemet, a man without friends, and without credit, was rather an object of pity, than revenge. No matter, replied the Califf, his existence disturbs me, and I sacrifice it to my safety ; I dare not bring him to a *public* execution ; that would raise too strong a compassion for his fate.


The care of ridding me of him I trust to you. I have him here ; I shall put him into your hands. Consider that the peace of your master's mind depends on you. But so important a service must not want its recompence ; I give you the



fair slave who supped with us yesterday ; and to that present I add twenty thousand pieces of gold.

Jacoub answered in terms of gratitude, as he found further remonstrances would be vain. The Califf immediately gave orders that the slave, with the unhappy victim of royal jealousy, should be delivered to him ; and that the money, the price of the blood he was to shed, should be paid him.

Jacoub, more anxious for Mehemet, than pleased with the possession of the beautiful slave, conducted them both to his palace. He had scarce entered it, when Mehemet, who strongly suspected the Califf's intention, fell at the feet of him, whom he concluded was to be his executioner. Do not imagine, said Jacoub to him, that my master has any design upon your life ; and it would be still weaker in you to imagine that he could have so far mistaken me as to chuse me for the instrument of your death. It is true, your high birth, and your pretensions, give him uneasiness : you must swear to me by the soul of the prophet, and by that of the



respectable Ali, from whom you are descended, that you will never think of dethroning Mahadi, nor of forming any party against him.

Mehemet, happy to come off so easily, took the oath required of him. I must exact another condition of you, added Jacoub, that you never appear again at Bagdad. But as you must have something to support you, my master makes you a present of this sum. He then gave him the twenty thousand pieces of gold, which he had received.

The manner in which he had conducted this affair, was soon known to the Califf, for the fair slave so generously given up to him, was only a spy set over his actions by the jealous Mahadi. The exasperated Califf sent for the pretended traitor: How have you acquitted yourself, said he to him in a rage, of the commission with which I charged you? Jacoub was going to answer him with the fidelity of a subject, and frankness of a friend. But the Prince interrupted him: Wretch, thou hast let my victim escape! I own I have replied Jacoub. It was my duty

(to save you from the commission of a crime of which you were making me the accomplice) not to be the tool of your suspicion and cruelty. Providence made you our sovereign to protect the weak ; and you have no more right, than the meanest of your subjects, capriciously to take the life of any man. It is your province to punish the guilty, and not to shed the blood of the innocent.\*

The Prince, struck with the courage of Jacoub, and the force of his words, took him again into favour.

I only thought you, said he, an agreeable courtier ; I now find you a true friend, and a generous disinterested man : you have preferred the protection of innocence to your own interest, and you have told me salutary truths at the hazard of your life. Your honest admonitions hath illuminated my mind ; henceforth I will circumscribe my unlimited power, by the laws of conscience and of reason. My

\* However it may be a truth in politics, that a king cannot do wrong, it is often proved a falsehood in morality ; kings, emperors, and magistrates are but men, and all men are liable to err.

To err is human, to forgive, divine, Pope.

jealousy or resentment shall never again invade the unalienable rights of mankind. I shall not, however, hesitate to inflict a severe punishment upon those who shall for the future misrepresent you to me. I have had a most convincing proof of your disinterested loyalty and integrity. Your enemies must henceforth be my enemies; the enemies of good government and of virtue.

MORAL.

*Hence learn, Reader, whether young or old, that a constant and unshaken perseverance in the paths of VIRTUE, TRUTH, and HONESTY, will gain the veneration even of our enemies, and may sooner or later make them our friends.*

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## FILIAL PIETY :

OR,

*The History of Honestus.*

*Taken from real life.*

DUTY TO PARENTS IS THE FIRST COMMANDMENT WITH  
PROMISE. EXODUS XX. 12.

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**HONESTUS** was born in the west of England, of a genteel family, who gave him an education equal to his birth.


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His parents, who were married young, were as indulgent as a child could wish, and before they arrived at the age of *twenty-one*, they had two children, Honestus and Calista : but as the history of the latter would do no credit to a family still residing in that part of the kingdom, we will let the veil of oblivion drop over her life, and confine ourselves to that of Honestus.

Honestus having finished his studies at Oxford, was intended by his indulgent parents for the bar, in consequence of which he was placed to one of the most eminent in that profession ; and such was his deportment, that he promised to be at least equal to his preceptor.

But as all earthly beings are subject to change, such was to be the fate of Honestus ; who, from a series of misfortunes which befel his parents, was no longer to enjoy that tranquility of mind which he had in the juvenile part of his life possessed.

His father to avoid his creditors (owing to some failures in the Alley) was obliged to fly his native country ; his mother struck with this, and the apprehension of




her darling son being cast off by his master, (which happened soon after) and the indiscretion of her daughter, was bereft of her senses.

In this situation, what was Honestus to do? *He could not dig, to beg he was ashamed!* Although born of a good family, and some even living in affluence, he soon experienced from his nearest relations a coolness of behaviour which hurt the sensibility of his mind.

He therefore, by the advice of his acquaintance, and assisted by them with some money, determined to try another climate, and accordingly embarked for the West Indies, hoping to find the hearts of the people equally warm with the climate.


A character like Honestus could not be long in any nation without being taken notice of; the goodness of his understanding, cultivated by a fine education, his affable behaviour, and genteel deportment, was a certain recommendation for him to the more sensible and feeling part of mankind.

An unforeseen, and, perhaps, unheard of circumstance, brought him into a high-



er rank in life, than he had ever before experienced. Honestus from his youth, had been a great admirer of the theatres, and had some inclination, when misfortunes first fell upon his family, to have made an attempt in that way of life, but the pride of those friends, who afterwards refused him subsistence, prevented it. It chanced a proposal was made by some young ladies and gentlemen (as there were neither playhouses or players on the island) to perform a play for their own amusement. The one chosen was Hamlet, in which character, on the first performance, Honestus acquitted himself with such universal approbation, that he was requested to perform it twice more, which his natural disposition, (little thinking of the good fortune which would follow) prompted him to do.

In this place, it may not be unnecessary to make a short digression, lest from the success of Honestus, in only three evenings harmless amusement, the tale may excite some unthinking youths, allured by the gaudy embellishments of the theatres, and the luxury in which those who rise to






any degree of eminence in their profession live, to launch into that way of life.

But far be it from the Editor's intention to draw such characters in an amiable light. It is here introduced as a circumstance which happened not many years since in *real* life, to shew, that it is in the power of an overruling Providence, to permit the greatest incidents to follow the most trivial circumstances when set about with a virtuous intention. God may, and sometimes does, bring good out of evil, but it is no part of our duty to do evil, that good may come of it. But to proceed :

From that day, Honestus was universally taken notice of ; he was admired and esteemed by all ranks of people ; not the greatest on the island were ashamed of being seen in his company, and, in a few months, through a series of good fortune, he found himself one of the most eminent of his profession on the island.

The change of his fortune did not change his heart ; duty, love, and gratitude were firmly rooted in it. The situation in which he had left his parent ; love



for one whom he adored, and to whom he had promised marriage, when in England, and gratitude towards those friends who had assisted him with the means to place him in that way of life, rushed at once like a torrent on his mind.

To discharge these obligations, immediately occurred to him on this transition of fortune ; he accordingly, by the first vessel that sailed for England, sent over a remittance to defray the expence of his mother's past and present wants, settled a genteel annuity on her for life, and discharged every obligation he had received from his friends ; with a letter, acquainting the object of his wishes, that his situation in life was changed for the better, requesting her to embark as soon as possible to complete his happiness.

On the return of the vessel, Honestus found his joys completed, as it not only brought over the woman he loved, but the news that his mother was restored to her senses, and his father returned to England ; that his unhappy sister had been long since dead, and that the annuity which he had settled on his mother,

would support them independent of the world; and render their situation in life as comfortable as it could be in his absence.

Soon after the arrival of the intended bride, the nuptial ceremony was performed, and Providence quickly blessed them with two children,

*Sweet as their mother's beauty.*

But nearly the same vicissitudes of fortune which had happened to Honestus, befel the person who was one of the first that took notice of him on his arrival at the island.

It chanced, one morning, as he was taking his usual walk, he met a person meanly dressed, who seemed much distressed and agitated at the sight of him. The stranger passed him, turned round, looked and sighed! Honestus surprised, but from his attire not recollecting his person, with his wonted goodness of heart offered him money. The stranger took it, fell at his feet, and tears ran down his cheeks. On raising him from the ground, judge his surprize when he found him to be his late master, a man of a noble and

generous disposition, and one who had lived in equal affluence.

Honestus immediately invited him to his house, and did for him all that friendship and gratitude could excite; he wondered at his change, of which he briefly informed him as follows :


That from his leaving the island to the present time, he had scarcely enjoyed a day's peace, for, while he was in England, he fell a prey to sharpers and false friends, who had stripped him of his fortune, and left him almost pennyless. He therefore, resolved once more to try his fortune in a place that had been before so favourable to him, and was at the instant Honestus met him, coming to his house.

Honestus immediately took him into his family, made him his chief clerk (a place which he had before himself) and blessed the Almighty that he had put it in his power to make a retaliation to him, to whose liberality and goodness he owed his all. One good turn deserves another; generosity and gratitude will never go unrewarded by him whose tender mercies are over all works.

After remaining some years on the island, and greatly increasing his fortune, (duty, not avarice, reigning uppermost in his breast) Honestus expressed a desire of returning to his native place, and to pass the remainder of his days with his affectionate parents.

This proposal entirely suited the inclination of his amiable consort ; he immediately settled his affairs on the island, raised his master to his former situation, embarked amidst the prayers and good wishes of the natives, and in a few weeks, landed safe in England.

Honestus full of duty and affection, flew to his parents ; tears of joy trickled down their cheeks ; emotions, too strong to speak each other's feelings, rise in their breasts. The little offspring look on their father, then on their mother, then on their virtuous grandsire, though unknown ! In short, 'twere impossible for words to utter, or pen to describe the meeting of this once-more happy family : Let it suffice to say, that Honestus and his amiable wife enjoy the greatest happiness in the company of their honor'd



parents, and the children seem to be blessed with their virtues.

From the foregoing narrative we may draw this reflection, that it is incumbent on every youth, let his situation in life be what it may (prosperity or adversity) to have an especial regard to the welfare of his parents, for to them (next to the Creator) we owe our existence.

MORAL:

*Honour thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land, which the Lord thy God giveth thee.*

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## AVARICE PUNISHED:

AN

*Oriental Tale.*


COVETOUSNESS IS IDOLATRY.

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AS Omar, the hoary and the wise, was sitting at the door of his cell, he looked up towards the desert, and saw a cloud of dust that ascended from earth to heaven: the caravan was returning from Cairo with merchandize and treasure; he


heard a confused murmur of various sounds, and at length the camels and the multitude appeared. When they came up, Omar beckoned with his hand, and cried out, hear me, ye sons of traffic, ye labourers of anxiety and sorrow: Gold is bright as the morning, but fatal as the storm at midnight: beware of the silent approach of the serpent, beware of the beauty of woman, but chiefly beware of the power of gold. It is produced among poisons in the bowels of the earth, and its fruits are calamity and guilt. The caravan stopped, for every one revered the wisdom and virtue of Omar. I will tell you, said Omar, the adventures of Sadir, Haran, and Zimur.

Sadir, Haran, and Zimur, were friends; amiable and young, their feet had not yet deviated from the paths of virtue. They set out together on a journey, and as they were travelling along the plains of Indostan, it happened that they found a treasure. This was at once the test of virtue, and of friendship. Every heart throbbed, and every breast was opened to mirth and pleasure. To divide it,



would have been an outrage on the delicacy and confidence of their amity. Let the bounty of heaven, said they, be the common blessing of us all. Mutually to share without division, will at once gratify and increase our confidence and love.

As they had now the means of enjoyment, they determined to enjoy; they travelled by shorter stages, and procured every accommodation that wealth could buy. When they reached the next town, Zimur was deputed by Sadir and Haran to procure them provisions, an office that suited his taste, his knowledge, and his activity. As soon as he was gone, Sadir and Haran fixed their eyes upon the treasure, and sat some time silent: at length they stole a glance at each other, each was conscious to his own wish, and thought he saw it reflected from the countenance of his friend. They began a conversation, in which this wish was mutually disclosed by almost imperceptible degrees. If we should now secure this gold and depart, said Sadir, whom could Zimur blame but his own indiscretion; would it not make *two* more happy than





*three?* Shall we not gain at least what he will lose, and can we deserve an opportunity that we neglect to improve?

The wise only, said Haran, are appointed to prosperity: Zimur has no right to share the treasure with us, and we shall only fulfil an unchangeable decree, if we keep the whole to ourselves. It is true, replied Sadir; but if he should again find us, he may question the determination, and claim his part: this, said Haran must be prevented. The dead are silent, and cease from troubling. Such was the wish that gold excited in the hearts of Sadir and Haran, and such was the crime by which it was to be accomplished. Zimur returned in the evening, weary with labour, and pleased with the anticipation of refreshment and rest. But his associates seized him at a disadvantage, extended him upon the earth, and strangled him with his turban.

When he was dead, they sat down to the repast he had provided for them: but in a few moments the hand of death was upon them. They became pale: they shuddered; a cold sweat covered their


limbs, and they gazed at each other without power to speak. In this speechless agony of despair and horror, they both sunk down together and expired.

Was this the work of a divine avenger? Did the Almighty punish by controuling nature, and was Justice miraculous, that guilt might tremble? Is not Nature the handmaid of the Almighty, and wickedness the cause of his displeasure? Zimur had poisoned the food he had obtained, that he might the more easily secure the treasure, and get rid of his companions.

The treasure is now without a master, to whom shall it belong? Let not your hearts, ye sons of men desire it, even in *secret*, lest the crimes ye now tremble at, ye may be ere long iuduced to commit yourselves, and without regret.

#### MORAL.

*Avarice is a passion of the most dangerous tendency, as it often leads to the commission of the blackest crimes.*



## PROVIDENCE VINDICATED ;

OR

*The Angel and Hermit.*

THE WAYS OF PROVIDENCE, ARE DARK AND INTRICATE,  
PUZZLED WITH MAZES, AND PERPLEXED WITH ERRORS ;  
OUR UNDERSTANDING SEARCHES THEM IN VAIN.

*Addison's Cato.*

A Hermit, far removed from the bustle of tumultuous life, among other contemplations, could not but admire the methods of God's providence, how out of causes which seem *bad* to us, he produced oftentimes *good* effects ; how he suffers virtuous and religious men to be oppressed, and others to prosper ; as he was entertaining these ideas in his mind, a young man appeared to him, and told him, Father, I know your thoughts are distracted, and I am sent to quiet them, therefore, if you will accompany me a few days, you shall return well satisfied of all those doubts that now distress your mind ; so, going along with him, they were to pass over a deep river, whereon there was a narrow bridge, and, meeting there with another passenger, the young


man jostled him into the water, and so drowned him.

The old Hermit being much astonished thereat, would fain have left him, but his guide said : father, be not amazed, for I shall give you good reason for what I do, and you shall see stranger things than this, before you and I part ; but at last I shall settle your judgment and put your mind in full repose. So, going that night to lodge in an inn, were there was a crew of banditti, and debauched ruffians, the young man joined in their company, and revelled with them till the morning, while the Hermit spent most of the night in numbering his beads ; but as soon as they were departed thence, they met with some officers who went to apprehend that crew of banditti they had left behind them.

The next day, they came to a gentleman's house which was a fine palace, where they received all the courteous hospitality which they could wish for, but in the morning, as they departed, there was a child in the cradle, which was the only son of the gentleman, and

the young man spying his opportunity, strangled the child without concern, and then went away. The third day, they came to an inn, where the man of the house treated them with all the civility imaginable, and that *gratis* too, yet the young man embezzled a silver goblet, and carried it away in his pocket, which still more encreased the amazement of the Hermit. The fourth day, in the evening, they came to lodge at another inn, where the host was very sullen, and uncivil to them, exacting much more than the value of what they had spent, yet, at parting, the young man bestowed upon him the silver goblet which he had stolen from that host who had used them so kindly.

The fifth day they went towards a great town, but, some miles before they came to it, they met a merchant at the close of the day, who had a great charge of money about him, and asking the next passage to the town, the young man put him in quite a contrary way ; the Hermit and his guide being come to the town, at the gate they espied a devil, which lay as



it were centinel, but he was asleep ; they found also both men and women at sundry kinds of sports, some dancing, others singing, with divers sorts of revellings ; they went afterwards to a convent of Capuchines, where about the gate they found regions of devils, laying siege to that monastery, yet they got in, and lodged there that night ; being awaked the next morning, the young man came to that cell where the Hermit was lodged, and told him, I know your heart is full of horror, and your head full of confusion, astonishment, and doubts, from what you have already seen since the first time of our association ; but know, that I am an angel sent from heaven to rectify your judgment, and to correct your curiosity in research of the ways and acts of Providence too far ; for, though separately, they may seem strange to the shallow apprehension of finite man, yet conjunctly, they all tend to produce good effects.

When I pushed the man into the river, it was an act of providence, for he was going upon a most mischievous design, that would have ruined not only his own

soul, but destroyed the party against whom it was intended ; therefore I prevented it.

My conversing all night with that crew of rogues, was also an act of Providence, for they intended to go a robbing that night, but I kept them there purposely till the next morning, that the hand of justice might seize upon them.

Touching the kind host from whom I took the silver goblet, and the clownish or knavish host, to whom I gave it, let this demonstrate unto you, that good men are liable to crosses and losses, whereof bad men often reap the benefit ; but it commonly produceth patience in the one, and pride in the other.\*

Concerning that noble gentleman whose child I strangled after so courteous an entertainment ; know, that *that* also was an act of Providence, for the gentleman was so indulgent and doating on his child, being an *only* one, that it lessened his love to heaven, so I took away the cause.

\* God sometimes sees fit to bring good out of evil, but never approves of any one's doing evil that good may come of it.

Touching the merchant whom I misguided in his way, it was likewise an act of Providence, for had he gone the direct way to this town, he had been robbed, and his throat cut, therefore I preserved him by that deviation.

Now concerning this great and luxurious city, whereas we spied but one devil which lay asleep without the gate, there being so many about this poor convent, you must consider, that Lucifer, being already assured of that riotous town, by corrupting their manners every day more and more, he needs but *one* single centinel to secure it; but for this holy place of retirement, this monastery inhabited by so many devout souls, who spend their whole lives in acts of mortification, as exercises of piety and penance, he hath brought so many legions to beset them, yet he can do no evil among them, for they bear up against him most undauntedly, maugre all his infernal power and stratagems; on saying these words the young man, or divine messenger, suddenly disappeared, yet leaving his fellow traveller in good hands.



## MORAL.

*Respecting the dispensation's of God's Providence, we may rest assured; however they may appear dark and intricate to us, they always are, and must be right.*

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ON THE  
GOVERNMENT OF THE PASSIONS.

A Moral essay.

Nosce teipsum.

MAN KNOW THYSELF ; ALL WISDOM CENTRES THERE.  
*Night Thoughts.*

**THE** wise and gracious Author of Nature has indulgently furnished the human species with passions, intended to be inexhaustible sources of pleasures through this mortal life; and when they prove otherwise, our own imprudence, most commonly, (and not the laws of Nature) must be to blame.

“Whatever is, is right,” is in general true, if we restrict it to the primary intentions of the God of Nature:\* and, whenever any


\* Men may do wrong, but the all-wise Creator cannot err, what he appoints or permits to come to pass, is always for wise and good ends.

thing happens which is wrong, we may rest assured that it happens by the perversion of natural laws, and the depravity of the human heart. Even divine judgments, though not to be traced by us to their original cause, and though they sometimes *apparently* bear the marks of cruelty and injustice: yet, could we plainly discover their necessity and intention, we should find them reducible to this one principle.

Were it possible to train up a child from his infancy, in the paths of simple nature; to let him enjoy with moderation whatever his passions might require, and not only to deny him, but even to keep him unacquainted with every *immoderate* gratification, there is not the least doubt but he would be happy, because the benevolent Author of Nature intends that all his creatures should be so. I mean this only of the *sensual* passions; the passions of the mind being of a more refined and pure nature, and more difficult to be kept under proper government. Yet even these, in a great measure, depend on the sensual passions: and, therefore,

when one species is uniformly kept under proper regulations, the other will be so too.

Whatever gifts the God of Nature has endowed us with, are meant for use, and not to be laid up, and their destruction accelerated by the corroding hand of rusty indolence, the frowns of gloomy solitude, or the silence of deep retirement. When you are hungry, esteem the satisfying of your hunger a pleasure intended you by Nature; and enjoy that pleasure, but enjoy it with *moderation*; for, be assured, if you indulge this, or any other appetite, to excess, you thereby abuse the gifts of Nature, injure your health, and incapacitate yourself for the true relish of future meals. Excess, respecting any of the enjoyments of life is generally, if not always, productive of pain, satiety and disgust. The old proverb is the dictate of experience, *Too much of one thing is good for nothing*. In like manner, when you are thirsty, consider it as one of the greatest pleasures, as it really is, to quench your thirst with a moderate quantity of wholesome liquor. But remember, that



the abuse of this, has destroyed more of the human species than the combined force of fire, sword, and pestilence.

Moreover, when Nature, oppressed with care, fatigue, or satiety of amusement, sinks into peaceful slumbers, we are then happy, because therein Nature is our guide. But if, after being sufficiently refreshed with sleep, we again solicit the assistance of the drowsy god, we shall stupify ourselves, blunt the edge of our rational faculties, and very probably bring on ourselves some dreadful chronic disorder. Here necessity is generally the poor man's friend, who will not allow him the enervating luxury of a downy bed, nor more time than is absolutely necessary for the repairs of nature; but calls him up betimes from his hard couch, to health, activity and labour.

We shall thus find it invariably true, with respect to every passion we are endowed with, that the *moderate* gratification of it is productive of positive pleasure, and immoderate indulgence of actual pain. Our passions are excellent guides, whilst reason holds the reins:

but, if we let them loose, they will hurry us with unbridled fury into utter destruction.

This rule holds good also relative to the passions of the mind ; and on a due observance of it depends our felicity in this world, and, in some respect, also in the next. Ambition, as long as it is only subservient to making merit conspicuous, approved and rewarded, is so far from being prejudicial to the candidate for fame, honor, and riches, or to the public at large, that it is a manifest advantage to both. But when it overleaps the bounds of moderation, it throws every thing into confusion, and generally terminates in the ruin of the unfortunate aspirer.

The love of riches, if directed to good and laudable ends, ought by no means to be restrained. Its salutary effects promote industry, and give us that power, which, if properly employed, will be felt far and wide ; and numbers of poor, distressed, and afflicted objects will bless the bountiful hand which relieves their wants, and heals their sorrows. Well does the poet advise the rich and pros-

perous,

To shew their gratitude for mercies given,  
By charity to men and thanks to heaven.

RURAL CHRISTIAN.

But when the grasping hand of avarice keeps all to itself; and distress and anguish sigh and implore in vain; the wretched miser becomes contemptible, and a mere clog on the wheels of society. His heart gradually becomes obdurate; and what would melt others to compassion, serves only to freeze harder his cold feelings.

The miser's God is well entitled self,  
While all his wishes centre in himself.

Courage, accompanied with prudence and judgment, is a noble passion. It serves to break the fetters of slavery, to humble the proud and oppressive, and to make the hearts of widows, and orphans leap for joy. But, when it delights in savagely butchering the human race, merely to gratify a sanguinary disposition, like mad Alexander; where is the man who will not execrate such a frantic enthusiasm, and boldly step forward to punish the ruffian?

Justly then, may we conclude all extremes are vicious; a medium is the road which virtue keeps. If we do not sufficiently exercise our passions, they will relax, become inactive, and lose their native springs! If we exercise them too much, we shall strain, and in time destroy their elasticity. But if we keep them in constant exercise, under the benign inspection of prudence and moderation, we shall steer our bark successfully through the rocks and syrtes of the present state, and at last anchor safely in the harbour of endless peace and felicity.

## MORAL.

*Prudence and moderation in the use of all present enjoyments, are productive of true peace, comfort, and tranquility:*

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THE HISTORY OF  
**DAMON AND PYTHIAS;**

OR

*True Friendship tried and Rewarded.*

A FRIEND IN NEED IS A FRIEND INDEED.

**PLEASURE** is, itself, an effect, and cannot be the cause, principle, or motive

to any thing ; it is an agreeable sensation that arises in a person's mind on its meeting with, or contemplating an object that is suited to its nature. As far as the nature of such a person is evil, evil objects can alone affect him with pleasure ; as far as the nature of such a person is good, the objects must be good whereby his pleasure is excited.

When Damon was sentenced by Dionysius of Syracuse, to die on a certain day ; he prayed permission, in the interim, to retire to his own country, to set the affairs of his disconsolate family in order. This the tyrant intended most peremptorily to refuse, by granting it, as he conceived, on the impossible conditions of his procuring some one to remain as hostage for his return, under equal forfeiture of life. Pythias heard the conditions, and did not wait for an application on the part of Damon ; he instantly offered himself to durance, in the place of his friend, and Damon was accordingly set at liberty.

The King and all his courtiers were astonished at this action, as they could



not account for it on any allowed principles. Self-interest, in their judgment, was the sole mover of all human affairs;\* and they looked on virtue, friendship, benevolence, love of our country, and the like, as only terms invented by the wise, to impose upon the weak and ignorant. They therefore imputed this act of Pythias to the extravagance of his folly, to the defect of his head, merely, and no ways to any virtue, or good quality of his heart.

When the day of his destined execution drew near, the tyrant had the curiosity to visit Pythias in his dungeon. Having reproached him for the romantic stupidity of his conduct, and rallied him, some time for his madness, in presuming that Damon, by his return, would prove as great a fool as himself; ‘My Lord,’ said Pythias, with a firm voice and noble aspect, ‘I would it were possible that I might suffer a thousand deaths, rather than my friend should fail in any article of his honour. He cannot fail therein, my Lord, I am as confident of his virtue as I am of my own existence. But,

\* It is, Heaven knows, too much so in all,

‘ I pray, I beseech the Gods to preserve  
‘ the life and integrity of my Damon to-  
‘ gether. Oppose him, ye winds! prevent  
‘ the eagerness and impatience of his  
‘ honourable endeavours! and suffer him  
‘ not to arrive till, by my death, I have  
‘ redeemed a life, a thousand times of  
‘ more consequence, more estimation,  
‘ than my own; more valuable to his  
‘ lovely wife, to his precious little inno-  
‘ cents, to his friends, to his country.’

Dionysius was confounded and awed by the dignity of these sentiments, and by the manner (still more sentimental) in which they were uttered; he felt his heart struck by a slight sense of invading truth, but it served rather to perplex than undeceive him. He hesitated, he would have spoken, but he looked down, and retired in silence.

The fatal day arrived. Pythias was brought forth, and walked, amidst the guard, with a serious but satisfied air, to the place of execution.

Dionysius was already there. He was exalted on a moving throne, that was drawn by six white horses, and sat pen-

sive and attentive to the demeanour of the prisoner.

Pythias came. He vaulted lightly on the scaffold; and beholding for some time the apparatus of his death, he turned with a pleased countenance, and addressed the assembly.

‘My prayers are heard,’ he cried; ‘the gods are propitious! you know, my friends, that the winds have been contrary till yesterday. Damon could not come, he could not conquer impossibilities; he will be here to-morrow, and the blood which is shed to day, shall have ransomed the blood of my friend. O, could I erase from your bosoms every doubt, every mean suspicion of the honor of the man for whom I am about to suffer, I should go to my death even as I would to my bridal. Be it sufficient, in the mean time, that my friend will be found noble, that his truth is unimpeachable, that he will speedily approve it, that he is now on his way, hurrying on, accusing himself, the adverse elements, and the gods. But I hasten to prevent his speed. Executioner do your office.’

As he pronounced these last words, a buz began to arise among the remotest of the people. A distant voice was heard. The croud caught the words, and, 'stop, stop the execution!' was repeated by the whole assembly.

A man came full speed; the throng gave way to his approach. He was mounted on a foaming steed. In an instant he was off his horse, on the scaffold, and instantly embraced Pythias.

'You are safe,' he cried, 'you are safe, my friend, my beloved; the gods be praised, you are safe! I now have nothing but death to suffer, and I am delivered from the anguish of those reproaches which I gave myself, for having endangered a life so much dearer than my own.'

Pale, cold, and half speechless in the arms of his Damon, Pythias replied, in broken accents: 'Fatal haste! Cruel impatience! What envious powers have wrought impossibilities in your favour! But I will not be wholly disappointed: since I cannot die to save, I will not survive you.'

Dionysius heard, beheld, and considered all with astonishment. His heart was touched, his eyes were opened; and he could no longer refuse his assent to truths so incontestably approved by their facts.

He descended from his throne, and ascended the scaffold. ‘Live, live, ye incomparable ‘pair!’ he exclaimed, ‘Ye ‘have borne unquestionable testimony to ‘the existence of virtue, and, that, virtue ‘equally evinces the certainty of the existence of a God to reward it. Live ‘happy, live renowned! and, O, form ‘me by your precepts, as ye have invited ‘me, by your example, to be worthy of ‘the participation of so sacred, and so ‘divine a friendship.’

#### MORAL.

*True friendship is a rare, though one of the greatest blessings in human life; and a real friend an invaluable acquisition; but too much like an apparition, which many persons talk of, but few ever saw. Well might a late eminent poet say,*

Poor is the friendless master of a world;  
The world in purchase for a friend is gain.

DR. YOUNG.

THE  
TRAVELS OF FANCY.


A Vision,

DULL SLEEP INSTRUCTS, NOR SPORT VAIN DREAMS IN  
VAIN. *Dr. Young.*

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IN the visionary regions of sleep, various scenes present themselves unrealized in our waking hours. Musing upon the different conditions of mankind, my mental powers were deluded by the enchantments of Morpheus. By this author of the fancied bliss of mortals, I was transported to a plain which I traversed for many hours, when I met with a venerable sage, who directed my steps to a city whose spires appeared over the neighbouring hills. When we approached it, we were greatly interrupted by carriages on the road ; at length we arrived at the gates of the city.

I was highly entertained with the view of the inhabitants employed in different occupations, and said to my venerable



guide, "Surely some grand spectacle is to be exhibited, or some potent monarch is soon to make his public entry; therefore every one is engaged in making due preparation." "This is not," replied he, "any remarkable day;" they are only busied in the common affairs of life. Manual labour is the destiny of the bulk of mankind; employment is necessary for the good of society. Few, very few, deserve to live a life of leisure. Industry is the parent of virtue; it enriches the individual, and by degrees, the stream of plenty circulates through every branch of the community. Having passed along the public streets crowded with houses of industry, I came to an harbour containing vessels of different dimensions. At such a sight I was vastly surprized, and asked my guide, what was the use of such floating habitations? The persons who belonged to them rivalled the bee in diligence and agility.

He informed me that these vessels were intended to convey the peculiar products of one region to another; thus the most distant countries are connected by the



bonds of commerce. He taught me to expand my mind, and consider all who bare the name of man as entitled to my benevolence. During our residence in this place, every day afforded new observations to my preceptor, and it was his constant practise to moralize upon all occurrences.

My heart heaved the compassionate sigh, and my eye dropped the sympathizing tear, when I contemplated the wretchedness to which flesh is heir. This sensibility pleased my guide, who exhorted me to cherish the tender passions, and alleviate the pangs of affliction; "for goodness," said he, "is the most amiable attribute of the Deity: the terrors of his omnipotence make guilty mortals tremble, the blessings of his goodness diffuse a mild lustre round the divinity, and inspire an holy confidence, the basis of true devotion."


Having taken a view of the curiosities of the city, my guide conducted me to the chambers of the great, and the throne of majesty. Here my eyes indulged luxury to the height, and I thus expres-

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sed my surprize: "These personages are of a different species from those we saw before. Their appearance declares them the lords of mankind, and the dignitaries of our globe." He repressed my admiration by admonishing me to beware of appearances. I soon perceived the utility of his advice: for under a magnificent robe lurked a corrupt heart, and a pompous diadem inclosed an empty head. My guide disclosed to me the intrigues of ambition, and the arts of policy: he informed me of the delusions of the common people, who pretend to scrutinize the affairs of government, without knowing the secret springs that actuate the machine of state. He instructed me in the origin of government, and the nature of the original compact of protection and obedience: and shewed me at the same time, the deviations from this original compact, both by the governors and the governed, in different ages, and different nations.

My guide asked me, whether I would visit the receptacles of learning, and the nurseries of philosophy. His proposal



inspired me with extraordinary ardour, and I seemed to feel the influence which induced Adam to taste the tree of knowledge. I was admitted a citizen of the republic of letters: upon which occasion, my preceptor proposed to me a general plan of education. He told me, that I should be careful to let every idea have its due impression upon the mind, lest its operations be disturbed by a variety and a competition of ideas. He advised me to attend to *things* more than *words*; since, by a knowledge of things, there would be a new accession of ideas to the mind, whereas, by a knowledge of words, the same ideas are presented to the mind in a different vehicle. "The mind," said he, "is the most noble part of man; by this, we are allied to superior beings, by this, we are allied to the Deity himself. Cultivate therefore, its powers, and faculties with attention: but remember that probity of heart is the best qualification to render you happy in yourself, useful to your fellow-creatures, and acceptable to the Supreme Being.



## MORAL.

*Dreams are not to be regarded, but when they convey lessons of instruction ; then and then only, they may be attended to with benefit and advantage.*

*The sacred scriptures inform us, that the Almighty speaketh to man in dreams and visions of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon man : then he openeth the ears, and sealeth his instruction.*

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**S E L I M A,**

A

Persian Tale.

FROM HEAVEN ALONE ALL BLESSINGS FLOW,  
WHICH MORTALS CAN ENJOY BELOW.


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**SELIMA** was the daughter of Abdalla, a Persian of some distinction in the reign of Abbas the Great; but being disgusted, withdrew from court, and settled on the banks of the Zenderoud. He had likewise a retreat in mount Taurus, and, as Selima had a taste for solitude, he often accompanied her there during the excessive heats of summer.

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No expence was spared to render this abode delightful ; the walks were lined with trees of various fruits and foilage, and flowers of a thousand different hues and odours, painted the parterre. It was furnished with water from the adjacent mountains, which pouring down a natural cascade, was afterwards divided into smaller streams, and distributed to every part of the garden. The murmuring of these little rills, and the soft melody of the birds gave the mind a peculiar turn to solemn musing ; and as Selima's was naturally disposed to reflection, she enjoyed this recess with double pleasure, and never left it but with extreme regret.

She was now in her twenty-first year, and was often rallied by her couzin Zara on her fondness for retirement : to what end, she would say, is all that enchanting bloom, and eyes sparkling with the most vivid lustre, if not employed to those purposes for which they were designed ? You are formed for love, enjoy it in all its pleasures : young Ibrahim pants for a sight of you, and, though contrary to our rules, I have promised to use all my in-



terest for his admittance. I tremble, replied Selima, at the proposal, and can by no means consent to such an interview; it is contrary to my duty, offends my delicacy, and troubles my repose: the pleasures of love are too tumultuous, and little suited to a heart like mine. Zara was silent; yet still determined to pursue her point, and withdraw her cousin from a solitude she thought so injurious to her spirits, and which, in her opinion, was only proper for the old, the melancholy, and the deformed.

It was in one of those fine autumnal evenings, which, in the southern parts of Persia, are so delightful, that she proposed to Selima to take a walk along the banks of the Zenderoud, with an intention to carry her to a house in the suburbs of Isfahan, where Ibrahim had formed a party to entertain them. The moon and stars shone with uncommon splendor, and were reflected from the surface of the river with additional lustre: the wood-bines and jasmines, which grew in great profusion, filled the air with their fragrance: and the trembling leaves, which



the dying gales had left in motion, diversified the scene, and made it altogether charming.


How transporting, cried Selima, are these rural delights ! I taste them pure and unmixed ! Alas, how different from those delusive pleasures which play upon the senses for a moment, and leave nothing behind them but uneasiness and regret ! You are much mistaken, interrupted Zara, if you think there are no other amusements that you are capable of relishing ; and if you are pleased to permit me, I will immediately conduct you, whither you will meet with joys, of which these are but the shadow.

Selima was all amazement and surprise ; a sudden tremor shook her whole frame ; and before she could recover herself, a thin mist arising from the river, condensed into a cloud and covered her entirely from the view of her companion. A pleasing slumber stole upon her senses, and when she awoke, she found herself upon the highest peak of mount Taurus : she had scarce time for recollection when one of those benevolent genii, who

preside over the good and virtuous, thus addressed her.


I have saved thee, O Selima, if not from ruin, yet at least from the extremest danger: the importunities of Zara would at length have prevailed; and wine, music, and the softest tales of love, would certainly have contributed to thy undoing. Those objects which affect the senses strike more strongly, and numbers rest there without looking farther, or considering the great end of their existence. To convince you of this truth, close thine eyes for a moment, then look beneath the mountain, and tell me what thou seest.

I see, said Selima, a vast expanse of water, and one small island in the middle of it: a river divides it into two parts, equally productive of the conveniences of life, and traced out into numberless paths, which at length unite in one common road on each side of the river. This spot seems to be inhabited by the same species of beings, but their employments and pursuits are extremely different: those on the left hand are either perpetually toiling to amass little heaps of earth,



and gather together the various productions of the soil, in much greater quantities than they can possibly make use of, or, impatient of labour, consume in riot and excess that necessary portion which is allotted them for their support. The miser and spendthrift are characters equally to be shunned and avoided; as neither of them can enjoy true happiness, or attain real felicity. They travel, indeed, through different paths, but their tendency is the same: and I see them successively plunging into that illimitable track of waters, with looks full of anxiety and solicitude, or with an air of the greatest gaiety and unconcern.

To the right is exhibited a very different scene; a pleasing cheerfulness dwells upon every face, except a few, whose melancholy cast and disposition of mind throw a gloom on all which they behold. These chuse out the most difficult paths; they look with horror on every innocent amusement, and partake even of the necessities of life with fearfulness and trembling, and, like weary travellers, they are continually wishing






for an end of it. Their happier companions, who travel with great alacrity along the borders of the river, taste its refreshing stream, and gather with a frugal, but unsparing hand, whatever the luxuriant soil affords them.

A firm persuasion of a never failing supply, takes from them all solicitude; light, and disincumbered of every care, they press forward with incredible ardour; their views extend, the prospect opens, and a flood of glory, brighter than the mid-day sun, receives them to unutterable bliss and rapture.

What thou hast seen, said the genii, requires no explanation; I shall only observe to thee, that human life is that portion of time allotted to mortals by way of trial; and every thing necessary to make it easy and delightful, is freely given, and may be enjoyed, within proper limitations, with perfect innocence and safety: in excess lies all the danger, and the unavoidable consequence of that excess is misery. This profusion of good things is thus indulgently poured out around thee by the great Author of thy




being; every pleasure thou possesseth, flows from his immediate bounty, and to him, thou art indebted for all those external graces which adorn thy person, as well as for the moral and intellectual beauties of the mind.

*From God alone all blessings flow,  
To him our highest praise we owe.*

The proper return for all these favours is a grateful heart, and a chearful obedience, and submission to his holy will. Consider him as the fountain of thy happiness, and he will necessarily become the supreme object of thy affections; and friendship, love, and every human passion, will give place to this more divine and seraphic ardour.

Selima was still listening to the genii with great attention, and expecting the sequel of his discourse; when, looking up, she found he had disappeared. She was troubled at his leaving her, and uneasy to think how she should descend from the summit of the mountain, when a bird, of the finest plumage, flew before her, and conducted her down the declivity with the greatest ease and safety.



## MORAL.

*God is the author of all our mercies, as well as the giver of every good thing we enjoy, and, as such, deserves our highest praise and adoration.*

He is thy guardian, and prolongs thy days,  
Strive then to *live* as well as *speak* his praise.

RURAL CHRISTIAN.

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HISTORY

OF

ALCANDER AND SEPTIMIUS,


OR,

Innocence cleared and friendship rewarded.

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ATHENS, even long after the decline of the Roman empire, still continued the seat of learning, politeness and wisdom.

The Emperor and the generals, who in those periods of approaching ignorance, still felt a passion for science, from time to time added to its buildings, or increased its professorships. Theodoric, the Ostrogoth, was of the number; he repaired those schools which barbarity




was suffering to fall into decay, and continued those pensions to men of learning, which avaricious governors had monopolized to themselves.

In this city and about this period, Alcander and Septimius were fellow students together; the one the most sublime reasoner of all the Lyceum, the other the most eloquent speaker in the academic grove. Mutual admiration soon begot an acquaintance, and a similitude of disposition made them perfect friends. Their fortunes were nearly equal, their studies the same, and they were natives of the two most celebrated cities in the world. It was therefore mutually resolved they should never separate; and as a step previous to this, Alcander placed his affections on Hypatia, a lady of exquisite beauty. Hypatia shewed no dislike to his addresses.

The day of their intended nuptials was fixed, the previous ceremonies were performed, and nothing now remained but her being conducted in triumph to the apartment of the intended bridegroom.

An exultation in his own happiness, or his being unable to enjoy any satisfaction without making his friend Septimius a partner, prevailed upon him to introduce his mistress to his fellow student, which he did with all the gaiety of a man who found himself equally happy in friendship and love. But this was an interview fatal to the future peace of both. Septimius no sooner saw her, but he was smitten with an involuntary passion. He used every effort, but in vain, to suppress desires at once so imprudent and unjust. He retired to his apartment in inexpressible agony, and the emotions of his mind, in a short time, brought on a fever, which the physicians judged incurable.

During this illness, Alcander watched him with all the anxiety of fondness, and brought his mistress to join in those amiable offices of kindness and friendship. The sagacity of the physicians, by this means, soon discovered the cause of their patient's disorder; and Alcander being apprized of their discovery, at




length extorted a confession from the reluctant dying lover.

It would but delay the narrative to describe the conflict between love and friendship in the breast of Alcander on this occasion, it is enough to say, that the Athenians were at this time arrived to such a refinement in morals, that even virtue was carried to excess. In short, forgetful of his own felicity, he gave up his intended bride in all her charms to the young Roman; they were married privately by his connivance, and this unlooked-for change of fortune wrought as unexpected a change in the health of the happy Septimius. In a few days he was perfectly recovered, and set out with his fair partner for Rome.

Here, by an exertion of those talents which he was so eminently possessed of, he, in a few years, arrived at the highest dignities of the state, and was constituted the city judge, or, prætor.

Meanwhile Alcander not only felt the pain of being separated from his friend and his mistress, but a prosecution was also commenced against him by the rela-



tions of Hypatia, for his having basely given her up, as was suggested for money. His innocence of the crime laid to his charge, or his eloquence in his own defence, were not able to withstand the influence of a powerful party.


He was cast and condemned to pay an enormous fine. Unable to raise so large a sum at the time appointed, his possessions were confiscated, himself stripped of the habit of freedom, exposed in the market-place, and sold as a slave to the highest bidder.

A merchant of Thrace becoming his purchaser, Alcander, with some other companions of distress, was carried into the region of desolation and sterility. His stated employment was to follow the herds of an imperious master, and his skill in hunting was all that was allowed him to supply a precarious subsistence. Condemned to hopeless servitude, every morning waked him to a renewal of famine and toil, and every change of season served but to aggravate his unsheltered distress. Nothing but death or flight was left him, and almost certain

death was the consequence of his attempting to fly.

After some years of bondage, however, an opportunity of escaping offered ; he embraced it with ardour, and travelling by night, and lodging in caverns by day, he at last arrived in Rome. The day of Alcander's arrival, Septimius sat in the forum, to administer justice, and hither our wanderer came, expecting to be instantly known, and publicly acknowledged. Here he stood the whole day amongst the crowd, watching the eyes of the judge, and expecting to be taken notice of ; but so much was he altered by a long succession of hardships, that he passed entirely without notice, and in the evening, when he was going up to the prætor's chair, he was brutally repulsed by the attending Lictors.


The attention of the poor is generally driven from one ungrateful object to another. Night coming on, he next found himself under a necessity for seeking a place to lie in, and yet knew not where to apply. All emaciated and in rags as he was, no one of the citizens would





harbour so much wretchedness, and sleeping in the streets might be attended with interruption or danger. In short, he was obliged to take up his lodging in one of the tombs without the city, the usual retreat of guilt, poverty or despair. In this mansion of horror, laying his head upon an inverted urn, he forgot his miseries for a while in sleep, and virtue found, on this flinty couch, more ease than a downy pillow can supply to the guilty mind.

It was midnight, when two robbers came to make this cave their retreat, but happening to disagree about the division of their plunder, one of them stabbed the other to the heart, and left him weltering in his blood at the entrance. In these circumstances he was found next morning, and this naturally induced a further enquiry. The alarm was spread, the cave was examined, Alcander was found sleeping and immediately apprehended, and accused of robbery and murder. The circumstances against him were strong, and the wretchedness of his appearance confirmed suspicion. Mis-



fortune and he were now so long acquainted, that he at last became regardless of life.


He detested a world where he had found only ingratitude, falsehood, and cruelty, and was determined to make no defence.

Thus lowering with resolution, he was dragged bound with cords, before the tribunal of Septimius. The proofs were positive against him, and he offered nothing in his vindication: the judge therefore, was proceeding to doom him to a most cruel death, when, as illuminated by a ray from heaven, he discovered through all his misery, the features, though dim, of his long lost, loved Alcander. It is impossible to describe his joy and pain on this strange occasion: happy in once more beholding the person he loved most on earth, distressed at finding him in such circumstances. Thus agitated by contending passions he flew from his tribunal, and, falling on the neck of his dear benefactor, burst into an agony of distress.

The attention of the multitude was soon however, divided by another object. The robber, who had been really guilty, was apprehended selling his plunder, and struck with a panic confessed his crime. He was brought bound to the same tribunal, and acquitted every other person of any partnership in his guilt. Need the sequel be related! Alcauder was acquitted, shared the friendship and the honours of his friend Septimius, lived afterwards in happiness and ease, and left it to be engraven on his tomb, "That no circumstances are so desperate, which Providence may not relieve."

#### MORAL.

*Though Virtue may meet with misfortunes, it shall not go unrewarded; nor Vice, however disguised, escape unpunished by the hand of Almighty Justice.*



THE  
MISER CONVINCED OF HIS ERROR;

OR,

*The Pains of Avarice displayed.*

FROM FEAR OF STARVING, MISERS STARVE THEMSELVES.

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**THOSE** books which calumniate human nature, and impute to every man vices which are committed by the depraved multitude only, are false; they degrade genius, and are dictated by pride and ignorance. Human nature is far from being perfect, but it is not so deformed as is frequently represented. Virtue is modest, and timid; it is vice only that proclaims her triumph on the theatre of the world. Virtue is a sublime instinct which exists in every man not totally depraved; the wicked themselves do perform some acts of virtue. History, that factitious, partial mirror, expatiates largely on the crimes of mankind, but she is often silent respecting their private virtues.

“ On wings of fame immortal scandals fly,  
“ Whilst virtuous actions are but born and die.”

Such were the thoughts the honest Strephon was ruminating upon, and such the words he was uttering, when Doriman, his nephew, whose ruling passion was avarice, entered the room; and, after the usual morning congratulations, the following conversation ensued.

Believe me, my dear nephew, I should be happy to have it in my power to convince you of your error; this remonstrance it is my duty to make, however disagreeable it may appear to you; but I fear it will be ineffectual: you cannot even blush for your behaviour. Infatuated youth! Are the seeds of virtue entirely destroyed in you? Is it your boast that you are void of sensibility? Alter your conduct, or never expect to see me again.


Sir, said the nephew, are not the instructions I received from my father equal to yours? You have run after what is called honour, but what extraordinary fruits have you gathered from it.

Honour, answered the uncle, is a word

not properly understood by you. My fortune is sufficient ; I require no more. It may be your's after my death. But I don't know whether the poor are not the best entitled to be my heirs ; yet I cannot forget my kindred, even if they forget themselves. I see, my dear nephew, it is not in my power, at this time to open your heart to the light of reason, or to the shafts of sentiment. Time, I doubt not, will extort from those cheeks a salutary blush, and open your eyes ere long that you may see distinctly the false education you have received ; hearken to an uncle that loves you, and who has nothing in view but your happiness.


Can reason, Sir, said Doriman, be employed to a better purpose than I have done? Have I any vices? who dare reproach me with any? I am indebted to no man; I never injured any man, though all mankind endeavour to injure. I only excite envy by my riches and œconomy.

Go no further, nephew, said the uncle; this matter shall be discussed another time. Adieu; you are a man, and I do not despair of you.



The honest Strephon retired greatly chagrined. Alas! said he, I fear his malady is too deeply rooted to admit of cure. Thou base, pitiful passion, *avarice*, how often art thou invincible! Thou driest up the heart: thou makest it hard callous, and impenetrable? I will not, however, neglect my best endeavours. What a triumph, to snatch a young man from such a sordid vice!


Some days after, Doriman thought proper to pay another visit to his uncle. It is necessary that I should humour him, said he, or he may deprive me of succession to his estate. As he is a man that pretends to noble sentiments, and is a dupe to his own imagination, he may perhaps, have the folly to bequeath his fortune to the poor. His mind is become tainted with the number of books he has read in favour of generosity, charity, and hospitality; and, I believe, he has even attempted to scribble upon those subjects himself; he too runs after the bubble reputation. He and I have had a little altercation, but that was only trifling, and transitory; and ought, by



this time, to be effaced from the memory: I am not in the least offended at what he has said: he loves sermonizing, let him indulge himself, it will do me no injury.

When he arrived at his uncle's house, he found him engaged in counting a large sum of money, which he had just received: the eyes of Doriman were feasted with the sight. He sat himself down in a corner, that he might not interrupt a business which he thought the most serious and important in life. But why, said he to himself, is all this cash produced just at this time? Perhaps my uncle means to make me a present to make me become generous. He was, however, greatly mistaken in his conjecture.

Strephon, having counted his cash, rang the bell. A man was introduced plainly appalled, and of an age pretty far advanced. He entered with a dejected air; sorrow was painted in his countenance, which discovered the affliction of his heart. Strephon ran to meet him, took him by the hand, and said, in a low voice, Sir, I am happy in having it in my power to oblige you: excuse me,





if I have made you wait ; I had not in the house so much money as you required ; I was obliged to send and borrow it of a friend ; I hope it has not arrived too late.

Ah! Sir, replied the stranger, (the tears of gratitude flowing from his eyes) you know not the value of the benefit which you have conferred upon me! you know not the critical situation to which I was reduced! When I presumed to write to you ; shame, for a time detained my pen ; I had no claim to your generosity. You commiserated my situation merely from knowing that I was an unfortunate father. May that God, whose eyes are ever open to behold the actions of mankind, reward and recompense you! for my poor acknowledgments are ineffectual to requite such services.

Sir, answered Strephon, you extol too much a proceeding that was no more than just and proper. It was in my power to serve you, it was therefore my duty.

I think as you do, my worthy benefactor, replied the old gentleman ; your


maxims are the same as mine. I enjoy as much pleasure, in receiving as you in conferring this favour. In bestowing life and honour to my son, you have bestowed it upon me. At these words, sighs interrupted his speech; I know you have a son, resumed Strephon, and that you are unhappy at his conduct; it is, I confess, an afflicting circumstance, but he is young, and may return from his errors; he is your son, and virtue cannot be totally extinguished in his heart. Some imprudence, perhaps——Pardon me, Sir, can I be of service to you? I have friends; I will do all——

All! cried the old Gentleman, you have done all; thanks to your generosity, all is retrieved. My imprudent son had contracted for five hundred pounds, and could not perform his contract at the time appointed. He had borrowed this sum at an extravagant interest; he was threatened to be pursued at law. I applied to the creditor, and proposed unexceptionable security; I asked indulgence only for a short time, but he would hear nothing; there was no softening the

barbarian.\* He would not deign to hearken to a father who was imploring for his son. I would have done any thing to have served my child ; he was on the point of being arrested and conducted to prison, to breathe the air of malefactors. It is you, suffer me to repeat it, it is you, Sir, that have preserved us both ; and, next to the great Omnipotent, it is you that I reverence and honour ; it is you that justly claim my blessing and my prayers.

Strephon conducted the grateful father to the door. Doriman still continued in the corner where he had sat himself down. The old gentleman happened to cast his eyes that way, and perceiving him, as he was going out, trembled and turned pale. Take courage, said the uncle, (disguising his anger, and penetrating into the cause) that is my nephew, be not afraid of his committing any indiscretion. The good old Gentleman, in great emotion, squeezing the hand of his benefactor, endeavoured to speak, but could not, his gratitude overcame him.


\* A merciless creditor is an utter stranger to the benign feelings of humanity and benevolence.



Strephon returned without speaking, or looking at Doriman. His eyes were fixed upon the ground, as if he had been that vile and despicable wretch that had repulsed the unfortunate father.

From the behaviour of Doriman, his uncle was convinced that he was the very person complained of: I perceive, said he, it is you that have lent money at usury to this old gentleman's son; it is you that have shut your ears to his supplications; it is you that have tortured and almost severed his heart; it is you that were meditating to give the fatal blow. Ah! Doriman, are you my nephew?

Sir, answered Doriman, I am in your eyes always culpable; not any of my actions can be innocent. Pray, Sir, is not money an article of commerce? How long has it been criminal to lend it upon interest? I advanced it on condition of repayment within a limited time, the borrower was not punctual, and I proceeded against him. Am I to lose my own credit, and ruin myself, to render others easy and happy? Besides, what are the great distresses you complain of? Thanks to your



money, the old man and his son are now extricated from their difficulties. But had I been in their situation, I should not have been so fortunate: philosophy teaches her disciples to prefer a stranger to a relation, and to be beneficent to all the world except their own kindred. But, in the agitation of mind, and in the midst of your mutual extacies, when you were conversing with the old man, you have forgot one important thing; and, believe me, Sir, you will be a sufferer by it.

What have I forgot? said Strephon.

You have forgot, answered Doriman, to make him give you a note of hand.

A note of hand! cried the uncle. Ah! miserable wretch, thy art will ever be obdurate. Go! this last shaft proceeds from a corrupt heart! Get thee from me. The venerable countenance of the old gentleman, his fine sensations, his tone of voice, O! my nephew, thou knowest not the actions of probity! thou art not formed for living amongst mankind. Go feed thine eyes upon that metal which will become thy shame and punishment. That vile object of thy worship will pre-

precipitate thee into an abyss of troubles : thou wilt then be convinced but too late, that he who has never had compassion for others, has no right to expect it for himself. A note of hand ! Ah ! who would not rather lose the whole sum than entertain a thought so base, so odious, so disgraceful to humanity. Be gone, I tell thee, I no longer can acknowledge that thou hast my blood in thy veins. Even the assassin feels remorse, but thou, who hast committed outrage against the most sacred things in nature, art an absolute stranger to it.

The uncle was animated with a noble and generous spirit ; his gestures, his countenance, his voice, all conspired to breathe the vehement zeal of virtue. At length, exhausted and fatigued he fell back in an arm chair. Doriman, seeing him pale, offered his assistance, which Strephon refused. Doriman, in a kind of ill humour departed, but the voice of his uncle still pursued him ; and his soul, shaken by this puissant thunder, became confounded.

• He returned ; he wished to banish from

his memory this violent scene ; he now discovered, in spite of himself, a dawn of virtue. We bear in the centre of our hearts, an upright judge. That judge which had been so long asleep in the heart of Doriman, was awakened at the voice of his uncle. This was the first part of virtue which flew from that obstinate soul.


Doriman was greatly agitated ; he walked about without knowing whither he went. An inward sentiment abased him ; and he became contemptible in his own eyes. The well-meant reproofs of his uncle began to operate, and his voice was heard with as much attention as if it had been the sacred organ of truth and virtue. He trembled : shame sat upon his countenance. He felt an inclination to examine his heart, and conciliate the ideas within it. He shut himself up ; he reflected on what he had heard, and what he had seen : the virtuous eloquence of his uncle ; that vehemence, which he could not but approve ; that tenderness which shone through his noble rage. He pictured to himself the extatic pleasure which Strephon enjoyed on consoling an

unfortunate father; that rapture which manifested itself by tears that were not counterfeited, but flowed spontaneously from the heart.

The sensibility of the one, and the gratitude of the other; the rapid passage from joy to sorrow when he saw the old gentleman cast his eyes upon him; that impulse of horror which he could not restrain; all these reflections inspired him with a detestation of himself. Ah! said he, a kind but unknown hand has plucked off the veil that hid from me my own deformity! Is there a single virtue that will recompence the sacrifices made to it? Is there a pleasure annexed to benevolence and munificence? It must be so, for my uncle finds himself happy, honoured, and esteemed, whilst I (to my shame I own it) am miserable and contemptible in the very bosom of my riches. Taught by this example, let us never despair of overcoming any vice, especially when opposed by reason.

## MORAL.

*Avarice is its own punishment, while charity and benevolence procure true content and pleasure, to the generous and humane.*





THE  
KINGDOM OF FAME  
AND  
CONTENT.

*An Allegory.*

FAME IS EASIER OBTAINED THAN CONTENT.

*Content in general is estranged to Fame.*

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A Certain king, being confined to a sick bed, and surrounded by the faculty, whose medical store of experiments was now entirely exhausted, at last approached that solemn hour, which reduces all ranks of mortals to one common level. Notwithstanding the words of his comforters, he perceived his dissolution not far off, he therefore called his two sons, who were twins, and spoke to them in the following words.

I inherited from my ancestors, two kingdoms, one is called the Kingdom of Fame, and the other the Kingdom of Content; the first of these is that in which

I have lived, and in which I now die; the latter I never saw.

These two kingdoms are separated by a very dangerous sea; that of Content is extremely difficult of access, for the coast not only abounds with hidden rocks and sands, but is continually infested by pirates.

Now it is decreed, that you shall both embark for this dominion, but in different ships. One must go on board the sloop of Good Fortune, and the other must embark in that of Ill Fortune; which shall have the first, and which the latter, must be determined by lot; but, O! my sons, there is a young Princess, called Virtue, whom he that ascends the throne, and expects to continue there with safety, must espouse, and be ever careful not by any means to offend her, but must treat her with the utmost tenderness and affection; for the throne of Contentment, which stands upon the brink of a precipice, is upheld by a sister of the princess, whom I have already mentioned, called Justice.

The two Princes drew lots, and promised faithfully to undertake the voyage

in their respective ships. The good old King thus continued.

Unambitious of conquest, pleased with my tranquility, and satisfied with the enjoyment of domestic happiness, have I worn my crown no less than forty years, I know not that I have been guilty of the least injustice. My people seem to have lived in peace and affluence, and my immediate dependants to have been uncommonly happy, and yet, at this awful hour, I am, upon recollection, conscious of having omitted many things, by which I might considerably have augmented the felicity of my subjects; of having neglected many of the duties, which, as the father of my country, I ought to have performed. I now am convinced, that a King ought by no means to consider his own ease and happiness as his principal object, since the well-being of so many thousands depends upon his conduct. And now, my sons, I bid you an eternal farewell; and O! remember me!


The King died, and his two sons embarked for the land of Content. He who sailed in the sloop of Good Fortune, met

with many difficulties, narrowly escaped many dangers, and was attacked by an incredible number of pirates: but his propitious stars removed every obstacle, and he arrived safe at the promised land. Emboldened by his success, which he vainly attributed to his own prowess, he mounted the throne, neglectful of the Princess, by whose means alone it was possible for him to continue in the possession of it. He now considered his new dominions as the fruit of his heroism, and his subjects as the slaves of conquest; till, at length, Justice, enraged at his misbehaviour, and total neglect of her sister, withdrew her support, and down he fell into the sea.

The other young Prince, who embarked aboard the sloop of Ill Fortune, had no sooner put out to sea, than he experienced every disaster that adverse winds and angry waves can bring to pass. The heavens darkened, the tempest arose, his sails were torn, his mast split, till his poor helpless bark was at last dashed to pieces against a rock, and he was left alone upon the naked cliff.

In this situation he prayed to the Almighty, and did not despair of relief. After enduring, for many hours, the extremes of cold and hunger, he was at last taken up by a pirate, and condemned to slavery. But the ship had not sailed many leagues, before she struck upon a sand, and the whole crew perished, except himself, who swam upon a plank towards the shore. It happened to be the shore of the kingdom of Content. Emaciated with his sufferings, he was too weak to reach the land, but was cast by the waves upon the beach, where he lay in a manner inanimate. Here again he must inevitably have perished, had he not been perceived by the fair nymph of a neighbouring cottage, who kindly led him to her humble habitation, and administered every thing in her power to restore him to health.


The Prince no sooner came to himself, than he was struck with the amazing beauty of his benevolent hostess. She requested his story, and he, glad to oblige her, related every circumstance of his life from first to last.



She seemed to listen with rapture to the music of his voice, but when he had done speaking, this was her reply. O ungrateful man! why must my compassion for thee be requited with falshood? I know thou art an impostor; for it was decreed, from the foundation of this kingdom, that two Princes of the same house should never breathe upon this land at the same time. Now I must tell thee, thou art here on the land of Content, and that the brother thou hast mentioned, is upon the throne; thou art therefore a deceiver, and art thyself the cause of thy own misfortunes.

He was stung to the heart, and was, for some time, unable to say any thing in his justification. There is indeed nothing more piercing, than a suspicion of this kind to an honest heart, especially from a person for whose favourable opinion we happen to be particularly anxious. He assured her in the most solemn manner, that he was really the person he pretended to be, but to no purpose.

She endeavoured to put a stop to his




protestations, by letting him know, that every word he spoke was an addition to his crime, and to prevent more guilt, insisted on his leaving the cottage immediately.

He obeyed with tears in his eyes, and a heart swoln with grief, for he had already conceived an inexpressible passion for his fair deliverer. He resolved, however, to pursue his way towards the capital. He had made but little progress before he was surprised with the uncommon rejoicings of the people. Asking the cause, he was informed of the fate which had befallen his brother; and upon a more minute enquiry, learnt that the tyrant fell from his throne the very moment in which he himself was cast upon the shore.

He instantly returned to the object of his soul, related to her what he had heard, and in the most passionate strain, solicited her affection.

Sir, said she, since I am convinced of your veracity, I am not ashamed to confess a very singular regard for you, and that nothing would add more to my fe-



licity than the entire possession of your heart: but, alas! you have forgotten your father's advice, and the promise you made. There is a certain princess with whom alone you can be happy, and by whose advice and assistance only it is possible for you to sit securely on the throne of Content.

This shocked the Prince like a blast of lightening. He remained silent for a while; but at last took leave of her a second time with a good deal of seeming resolution and composure. He now made the best of his way to the metropolis, and, after convincing the Nobles of his right to the crown, was seated upon the throne. His first business was to enquire for the Princess Virtue, whom he was resolved to marry; but he was informed, that, immediately upon the accession of the late King, she retired from court, and had since never been heard of.

It was, however, believed she had not left the kingdom, and therefore several of the nobility were dispatched in search of her. Not many days passed before a message was brought to the King. that



the Princess was arrived. She was accordingly introduced to his presence; but who can describe his surprise and rapture, when she appeared to be the very nymph whom he had so lately quitted with such inexpressible reluctance? Their marriage was immediately solemnized, and he, instructed by his misfortunes, and advised by his fair consort, continued to govern his kingdom many years, adored by his subjects, and extolled by all mankind.

Thus it frequently happens. What we call Good Fortune often proves our ruin: the smiles of the world are much more dangerous than its frowns; poverty dreaded by men in general, is not so likely to be destructive, as wealth and affluence: even some are conducted to happiness by temporary evils. Both good and ill fortune require great circumspection and steadiness of soul; for in either situation we are apt to lose the right use of our reason; in our prosperity, we are prone to be too much elated, and too much depressed in adversity.

MORAL.

*In the day of Prosperity be joyful, but in the day of Adversity consider.*

Prosperity tempts men—Adversity tries them.

THE  
IMPRUDENT INTIMACY.

Beware of bad Company.

TELL ME A MAN'S COMPANIONS AND I'LL TELL YOU THE  
MAN,

**THE** two Mr. Pennings, of Coventry, were esteemed and beloved by every body who knew their valuable and amiable qualities; they were almost revered on account of their fraternal behaviour to each other, by which they sufficiently proved the sincerity of their mutual affection.

The christian names of these brothers were Francis and John; the former, the elder of them, was an attorney; the latter, a merchant. Their integrity was equal; but while John derived considerable advantages in his commercial trans-

actions from his, Francis, unluckily he found out that the ideas which he entertained concerning moral rectitude, would rather tend to keep him down in the world, than enable him to make his way in it. He was the more sensible of the insufficiency of integrity alone to procure the favours of fortune, as a man who lived not far from him, of the same profession, but with more fashionable notions, got three times more money than he did. He was not, however, induced by the success which Mr. Fost met with, to tread in his footsteps, though he was somewhat embarrassed by a growing family.

Mr. John Penning had also a growing family; but as he was in a flourishing state, he felt not those domestic uneasinesses which disturbed his worthy brother, as often as the latter reflected upon the situation of his affairs.

John, seeing his brother uncommonly dejected one day, begged to be acquainted with the cause of his disquietude.

He returned an evasive answer, but on being very affectionately pressed, un-

bosomed himself. "Thus situated, my dear brother, continued he, have I not reason to be dejected?"

"You shall not remain so, replied John, take this purse; when it is empty it shall be replenished: you shall never want while I have any money in my possession."

Frank's eyes thanked him, before words could find a passage, so much was his heart melted by his brother's generous behaviour. When he recovered the powers of articulation, he poured out liberally his grateful effusions, and then proceeded in the following terms: You have acted, my dear brother, agreeable to my expectations, but I cannot think of your robbing your own family to support mine. I am not yet, thank heaven, quite driven to indigence: I cannot live as I have done, but I can make a shift to subsist; and nothing but the sight of those united to me by the strongest ties, absolutely in want of the necessaries of life, will prevail on me to take a farthing from your generous hand. I shall not be able to see *them* look up to me for their daily food; look up to me in *vain*.

He could say no more, nor could John immediately make reply to a speech which pierced his soul. When he was in a condition to answer it, he renewed his offers with additional persuasions, but to no purpose: his amiable, unfortunate brother left him, resolved to support himself without his kind assistance to the last extremity.

Soon after this affecting interview, Mrs. Frances Penning, a woman in every shape deserving of her husband's true regard for her, was seized with a fever; that fever was followed by the small pox: it was of the worst sort, and she died in a very short time. Her daughters, two very fine girls, having caught the same distemper, did not long survive her.

These blows swiftly succeeding each other, almost bereaved the inconsolable husband, the doating father, of his senses; but he had a son remaining: a son who was a very pleasing companion to him, being a sensible boy, and doubly pleasing, as he appeared not to have any bad propensities. By Harry's filial efforts to console him, joined to those of his brother

and his family, the intellects of his father were preserved ; but the wounds which his heart had received were irremediable.

In a few months after the above-mentioned melancholy events, Mr. John Penning had a very warm invitation from an intimate friend of his in London, in the same way of business, to come and settle with him, and he, without any hesitation, accepted of it. As soon as he had determined to become an associate with his friend Williams, he intreated his brother to let him carry his nephew to London, and that he would also accompany him. “ With regard to Harry, added he, I shall, with your leave, take him entirely under my protection ; and if you will occupy apartments in my house, every thing shall be done to render the remainder of your days comfortable.”

Frank thanked him with a deep sigh ; he then, grasping his hand in the most affectionate manner, replied, “ I cannot find words, my dear brother, to thank you as I wish to do ; however, I know you will be satisfied with my imperfect

acknowledgments. As to your request relating to my son, I am willing to comply with it, though I shall severely feel his separation from me, because I am sure he will be happily situated under your inspection: but I cannot tear myself from a spot, melancholy as it is, to which I have been so long accustomed."

John made several attempts to draw his brother from a place, which would perpetually raise the most painful reflections in his mind; but seeing him inflexible, he took leave of him on the day appointed for his departure, strongly assuring him, that he would pay the strictest attention to remittances, and that Harry should be his son by adoption.

On his arrival in London, John was received by his friend with open arms, and every thing relating to their partnership was very soon adjusted to their reciprocal satisfaction.

For about two years Harry behaved very well in his new situation, which gave his uncle the greatest satisfaction, but this was not to last, for by endeavouring to keep company with those who were

his superiors, it proved, as the sequel will shew, his utter ruin.

Harry, by contracting an intimacy with one of the clerks, a young fellow of a good family, and highly connected, but certainly misplaced by his relations, having neither talents nor taste for the employment chalked out for him, acquired the same aversion to the business which fell to his share. Inflamed by the description Charles Lumley delivered of the spirited scenes in which he was engaged; Harry became more sensible of his pecuniary wants, and wished with corroding anxiety, for a fortune sufficient to enable him to enjoy all the pleasures of the age. Extremely confined to his desk, and not suffered to go often to public diversions, seldom unattended by his uncle, he grew heartily tired of his pen and ruler, and longed for an opportunity to indulge his favourite passions without controul.

Inflamed with this desire, he threw off all restraint, and launched at once into the gay world with his new acquaintance, who supplied him with cash as far as his



pocket would permit, and when that was gone, they had both resource to the gaming table.

His uncle, who with the greatest concern, beheld this change in his conduct, would often remonstrate with him upon it, and conjure him, if he had any duty for his parent, love for him, or regard for his own future welfare left, to return to his business with his wonted alacrity.

All remonstrance was in vain, Harry would not forsake his new-acquired acquaintance; for this reason, and on account of his embezzling some money, in which his uncle had detected him, he resolved (though sorely against his inclination) to send him back to his father for some time, to try whether absence from his companions would not make him forget them.

But Harry's disposition could not bear this confinement, he soon left his indulgent parent, returned to the metropolis, and joined his former associates.

Being now entirely at a loss for cash, except what he could raise from the gaming table, which was very precarious,


Harry, urged by one of the most abandoned of his acquaintance, commenced highwayman, and would, no doubt, have come to an untimely end, but for the following circumstance.

It happened in one of their evening excursions on the road, they came up with two gentlemen in a post chaise, whom they proposed robbing. No sooner was it mentioned than agreed upon, and accordingly they stopped them with the usual salutation of "*Deliver your money, or we'll blow your brains out.*" But judge the surprize of Mr. Penning, when he found one of the men to be his nephew, whom he so dearly loved! he began to use persuasions, but they were vain; "Necessity had no law," money they wanted, and money they must have, and therefore without further ceremony, robbed them of every shilling. Mr. Penning, however, determined to pursue them, though at the hazard of his life, he therefore made his servant dismount, got upon his horse, and set off full speed after them; fortunately for him he met two other gentlemen on the road, whom they

had just past, to them he briefly related his case, and they, with the greatest cheerfulness, consented to assist him in pursuing them.

They accordingly set off full speed, and in a short time came up with them. Finding himself so closely pursued, and likely to be taken, Harry (being far behind, his companion) forsook his horse and ran towards an adjacent thicket, thinking to conceal himself. By the uncle's desire, his companion was suffered to escape, and they jointly pursued Harry, took him, detained him till the post-chaise came up, and brought him safe to London.

Mr. Penning, on this melancholy occasion, immediately wrote to his brother, desiring him to give his advice what he should do; who returned for answer, that he left the future disposal of his unhappy son, entirely to him. The uncle accordingly (fearful of trusting him out of his sight, lest he should return to his former way of life) agreed with an East-India Captain to take him abroad, and



Harry accordingly set sail for the above place in a few weeks.

Mr. Penning immediately set out to see his affectionate brother, with an intent once more to persuade him to return with him to London, in order to pass there the remainder of his days, and drive away his melancholy; but it was too late, for sorrow was so deeply rooted in his heart, on account of the indiscretion of his son, that he found him confined to his bed with a fever, and he just arrived time enough for him to expire in his arms.

MORAL.

*From this sad example, ye young and unthinking, take warning; launch not into the dissipated pleasures of life, nor aim at keeping company with your superiors; but let prudence and moderation govern your passions, and ever be conformable to your parents, relations and guardians, so shall ye be assured of love and esteem here, and true happiness and felicity hereafter.*



## AN EASTERN SAGE'S

## ADVICE TO HIS SON.

*A moral essay.*

HE THAT HATH EARS TO HEAR, LET HIM HEAR!

**ZAMRI**, my son, thou hast wisdom, thou hast knowledge, thou hast riches, and art not happy, because thou lackest *content*, the offspring of virtue.

In vain is wealth by heaven to mortals lent  
To make them happy if they're not content.  
None lasting happiness on earth will find,  
Without contentment and true peace of mind.\*

Thou hast explored the ample field of variety, but hast not experienced satisfaction; thou hast rambled o'er the enchanting meads of vanity, and amidst all thy sublunary enjoyments, dost not consider that purity of heart is requisite to making thee happy : thou dost not apply thy wisdom to the researches of truth. The transitory delusions of this life are replete with the bewitching momentary pleasures of folly, therefore, they yield no satisfaction, but contribute to annoy the possessor with the calamities of dis-

\* Contentment is the *summum bonum* of earthly felicity,

content. The glorious sun shines on all thy treasures, and fails not to cheer thee with his early and declining rays. Canst thou not see a bright example in the prospect of all nature? Yet, is not thy heart elated with the reflection of thy own power. Thou hast good and evil, pleasure and woe in view: the opportunity of thy choosing, alone evinces thy unhappiness.


If thy lascivious eye is ever watchful over the daughters of the East, determine thy choice according to the result of thy amorous passion, and reward her for life, considering the advantages of her inclination towards thee; whereby thou wilt possess the serenity of a tranquil mind, encouraging thee to relinquish, by a gradual degradation, the pursuits of thy roving amusements. Thou wilt then acquire new ideas, and every day will bring thee nearer to the delightful mount of reason; thy pleasures will continually vary their course till thou hast attained the summit; from whence thou wilt be able to look down on all thy actions with the calm satisfaction of self-complacence.

The incidents attendant on human life should be considered as preparatory trials for a future state, destined by the Omnipotent Creator. Whatever our troubles are here below, it is no less our duty than our interest, to believe there is a *need be* for all; agreeable to the dictates of sacred inspiration, 1 Peter i. 6, 7.

Whatever trials here good men befall,  
The Christian knows they're necessary all.

Frailty and Foible are inseparable twins, and never-failing companions to mankind: to them we must submit in every changing scene of action, and happy are they who have intrepidity to withstand their misfortunes; but such intrepidity must arise from a basis of sound judgment and solid reason.

If thou art oppressed with any cares of melancholy, remember they are the offspring of thy own indolent situation. Call to thy mind the state of the scorching pilgrim, who having compleated his journey, sits himself down happy with the opportunity, and contentedly refreshes himself with the last sequin; smiling with grateful joy at the sufficiency allot-



ted him by Providence, while thou canst revel securely at ease in unbounded luxury.

Dispose thyself, with great resolution, to act aright; withstand manfully the adversities of the mind; give thyself to frequent serious contemplation; in a word, pursue the dictates of truth, then will thy conscience warn thee to shun the rocks of evil, and the gentle gales of peace will safely waft thy tottering bark to the haven of true felicity.

MORAL:

*Young People should value the admonitions of mature experience, as the dictates of wisdom and understanding.*

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HISTORY

OF

A B R A O U L F.

THE WAYS OF PROVIDENCE ARE DARK AND INTRICATE.  
*Cato.*

IN Visapour, the capital city of the kingdom of Decoran, dwelt Abraoulf, a jeweller by trade: in his art, he had but few equals: the bracelets that sparkled upon




the arms of the sultanas of Visapour were made by him; and so exquisite was his workmanship, that it contributed to set off the charms of the most beautiful of the creation.

Abraoulf finding riches flow in upon him from every quarter, formed the most flattering prospects of a happy life; and, being persuaded that man is not capable of enjoying felicity without communicating it to others, he married the beautiful Deria, whose eyes resembled those of the dove for mildness, whilst her hair, which was blacker than the plume of the raven, fell in ringlets upon her ivory neck, and became her with a grace inexpressible. Their felicity was mutual, and Abraoulf, who now thought himself secure of happiness, indulged the most sanguine hopes.

Fortune seemed to have singled him out as her favourite, and, for a time, every thing succeeded to his wishes. He was soon blessed with a daughter to whom he gave the name of Jesdad. Her dawning charms promised one day to equal those of her mother, and every

year seemed to add to the graces of her person. Abraoulf, however, could not think his happiness complete till he had a *son*. His wishes were favourably heard by heaven; Deria was delivered of a boy, to whom he gave the name of Aldal, and the birth was celebrated with extraordinary rejoicings and festivity.

Abraoulf, though he had acquired considerable wealth, still thought he had not enough; the increase of family made an increase of riches necessary, and this was his motive for undertaking a long voyage, in order to furnish himself with precious stones of the greatest value at an inconsiderable price. He could not, however, bear the thoughts of being separated from his beloved Deria, and his son and daughter; so he resolved to take them along with him. Here the adverse fortune of Abraoulf began. His voyage was indeed prosperous at first, but before he reached Golconda, the place of his destination, a violent storm arose: the ship soon sprung a leak, and notwithstanding all the care of the mariners, who exerted their utmost efforts, was in a short time buried in the deep.



The unfortunate Abraoulf beheld his wife, son, and daughter on the brink of ruin, and he with much difficulty, escaped death by swimming. When he reached the shore, he was quite faint and spent with fatigue ; and thinking himself at the point of death, said the five prayers which the Alcoran appoints to be used on that occasion ; these he repeated with such fervour, that he was overheard by a muezin, who happened to pass that way.

The good man compassionated his distress, and caused him to be immediately carried to his house in a neighbouring village. The muezin immediately ordered his servants to put the stranger to bed, and take particular care of him. Abraoulf slept soundly during the night ; but in the morning he awoke in the utmost dejection of spirits, his soul was still filled with the ideas of Deria, his daughter Jesdab, and his son Aldal, supposing them to be drowned ; and so great was his sorrow for their loss, that he frequently called them aloud by name, and not finding them, threw himself again upon the bed in all the agonies of despair.

The muezin visited him soon after, and enquired into the cause of his perturbation of mind : Abraoulf gave him a circumstantial account of all that happened to him since his departure from Visapour ; the muezin, who was perfect in the language of the magi of the Indies, and had been initiated in all the mysteries of predestination, desired Abraoulf to be of good cheer, and always confide in Alla, and his holy prophet Mahomet. Abraoulf, said he, you think you have lost your wife, son and daughter, but Alla may restore them to you, when you least expect it.\* You are a master in your business, go to the capital of Golconda, and you will find employment. While speaking thus, he put six rupees into the hand of Abraoulf, who immediately set out for the capital of Golconda, after having thanked the kind muezin for his favours.

Abraoulf, upon his arrival at the capital of Golconda, was immediately employed by Monsour, one of the most

\* If the Almighty sees fit to take away our present comforts, he can, if he pleases, grant us greater ones to make up our loss.

eminent jewellers in the city: by his industry, he acquired enough to make himself perfectly easy, if he had been capable of enjoying any happiness; but the remembrance of his lost family constantly intruded upon his mind, and repose was totally banished from his breast.

Being wearied with the fatigues of business, and tormented with anxiety of thought, he one night threw himself upon the bed, almost in despair. A deep sleep took possession of all his faculties; and whilst he lay in warm repose, streaming glories all on a sudden burst from the skies, and Effendiath, the spirit of peace, appeared before him. Abraoulf, said he, you have doubted too much of the goodness of Alla, from whom you, and all created beings derive their existence; you thought that your wife, son, and daughter perished in the sea; but the same omnipotent Being that preserved you, has saved them also from destruction.

Abraoulf, animated by this dream, rose in the morning with great alacrity of spirits, and upon walking into the largest square in the city was greatly sur-

prized at meeting a man who sold faquai, as he had long before known him in an opulent state at Visapour. This poor man, whose name was Topal, entreated him to repose himself at his house, telling him that he would there meet with some unfortunate people from his own country, who had narrowly escaped shipwreck on the coast of Golconda. Abroulf entered, and his joy was equal to his surprise, when he beheld Deria, Jesdab, and Aldal; he embraced them with a transport not to be expressed; and having made a handsome present to Topal, took a house, and lived, blessed with every domestic happiness, waiting patiently the call of the angel of death.

## MORAL.

*God is just and good in all his dealings, whether merciful or afflictive, and often appears for our deliverance, when we least expect it.*

Heav'n may not grant thee all thy mind,  
Yet say not thou that Heaven's unkind;  
God is alike both good and wise,  
In what he gives and what denies;  
Perhaps what he may give to-day,  
To-morrow he may take away;  
Yet it must be by all confest,  
What God appoints is right and best.

G. W.

THE  
HERMIT OF LEBANON.

ADMONITIONS, WELL INTENDED, SHOULD BE WELL  
TAKEN.

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**MOST** travellers that have visited the eastern parts of the world agree, that the present inhabitants are remarkably stupid and illiterate; and that ignorance has drawn her tenebrous mantle over the countries, where formerly the lamp of wisdom shone with distinguished lustre.

This observation, however true it may be in general, is not just with regard to every individual. There are still some persons whose minds are illuminated with the rays of science, and who study, and, I doubt not practice too, the precepts of virtue and religion. Several of this kind, says our author, have I seen in my travels, particularly an aged hermit, whom I fortunately met with, not many years since, in the celebrated mountain of Lebanon. To attempt a description of this famous mountain, would extend this tale to too great a

length, suffice it therefore to say, that the cedars for building the temple of Solomon, the most splendid structure the world ever saw, were brought from thence ; but time has strangely changed the face of this country. The extensive forest of Lebanon, which contained such multitudes of spreading cedars are reduced to one single grove of about one mile in circumference, containing about eighteen large cedars, a considerable number of small ones, and a few pines.

While we were viewing the cedars, continues our author, an aged hermit approached us ; and, after making some remarks on these famous trees, conducted us to the convent of Cannobine, built on the declivity of Lebanon, in the most retired and romantic situation that can possibly be conceived. It stands on the north side of a remarkable chasm, or hollow part of the mountain, at the bottom whereof runs a large current of water, which tumbles down the rocks in numerous cascades.

The murmur of these falling streams, and the hollow sound of the wind among



the trees, increase the solemnity of the place, and tend greatly to compose the mind, and inspire the soul with reflections worthy of its nature: both sides of this chasm are remarkably steep, and covered with trees of the most beautiful verdure, many of which being of the aromatic kind, render the air delightfully fragrant.

The church of this convent is a large grotto, and in one of the windows are three bells, which call the monks to their devotions; a favour allowed them nowhere else in the Turkish Dominions. The convent itself stands at the mouth of a large cave; and, except two or three rooms, is wholly composed of subterraneous apartments.

After viewing every part of this sequestered retreat, the hermit conducted us to his cell, which stood on the margin of the same chasm, about a quarter of a mile from the convent: before the entrance of this homely mansion, was a large spreading tree, and, on the right side a small stream, which had its rise at some distance above, in the side of the


mountain, and here tumbled into the torrent at the bottom of the chasm. It is still the custom among the inhabitants of the East, to entertain their guests under a tree ; a circumstance extremely pleasing, as it resembles the practice of the ancient patriarchs, and fills the mind with the most pleasing ideas of antient simplicity.

After a short repast, we asked the hermit how long he had lived in that solitary habitation ; and why he chose to seclude himself from society. To which he was pleased to answer, addressing himself to me ; “ I am a native of Scio, a famous island of the Archipelago, and not a stranger to the customs of Europe, having studied seven years at Rome ; and, after my return, lived many years in my native country ; but being desirous of retiring from the world, and spending the remainder of my days in solitude, I repaired to this mountain, where I have now lived about forty years, and experienced more real pleasure and satisfaction in this sequestered grotto, than in all the noise, bustle and hurry of this busy world.

Curiosity, my son, doubtless, inspired thee with a desire of visiting this famous mountain; but that the journey may not be wholly in vain, attend to the instructions of the aged, and let the hoary head teach thee wisdom. Weigh not the dispensations of heaven in the imperfect balance of human reason; but be entirely resigned to the will of the Almighty. Murmur not at the seeming frowns of Providence, and the distribution of riches in this imperfect state,\* for they are continually fluctuating like the waves of the ocean, and sooner dissipated than the morning mist. Remember judgments are not sent in vain, nor mercies bestowed without commission. The actions of Omnipotence are directed by infinite wisdom, which cannot err. Repine not, therefore, at thy mortal lot, but always take the present and future state in connection.


Consider this world is not the whole of existence; and though thou mayest

\* Wealth given by the Almighty to a wicked man, cannot be a proof of the divine approbation of his conduct, but it may be, and often is, a snare if not a curse to the possessor of it.




want thy share on this side the grave, comfort thyself with this pleasing, this animating thought, that if you are really pious, thou shalt have large possessions in the regions that lie beyond it. These reflections, my son, will unravel the intricacies of Providence, and solve the perplexing riddles of human life. Consider thine adversities will shortly terminate, and the most poignant afflictions soon reach their period. The clouds of adversity, darkness, and ignorance, that now spread a gloom over all the regions of thy breast, will retire at the appearance of the torch of wisdom; and when the sun of religion arises in his strength, they will vanish and be seen no more.

If while thy little bark rides on the ocean of this world, rough storms, and contrary blasts alarm thy fears, yet remember the voyage is short, and the danger will soon be over; and though the skies may darken, and the lowering aspect of the heavens terrify and surprise thee, yet be assured that brighter scenes will soon cheer thy sight, and more serene prospects ravish and delight




thy soul: though the waves may roar, and billows appear as mountains, yet winds, storms, confusions and disorders, nay even death itself, shall all conspire to waft thee to the Empyrian shore.

Let the consideration of the uncertainty of life be a continual memento of thy fluctuating condition; acquaint thyself with the monuments of death, and contract a familiarity with the king of terrors. Remember the omniscient eye of heaven observes all thy actions, and let not death surprize thee in an unguarded hour. Accumulate not unnecessary riches to thyself, neither be thou covetous of large possessions. Let thy request to heaven be that of Agur; *'Give me neither poverty nor riches.'* Delivered from the difficulties and hardships of the one, and unembarrassed with the incumbrances and perplexities of the other, thou wilt live in comfort and satisfaction, and thy days will glide on in a pleasing serenity. Never imagine temporal things to be permanent, let thine own mind limit their duration. Vicissitudes unexpected may turn back the



wheel of prosperity; and changes, sudden as the whirlwinds of the desert, destroy all thy pleasing hopes of a long continued succession of delights. Place not, therefore, thy felicity on fleeting objects, nor stretch out thine hands to grasp at shadows. Build not thy joys, on an aerial foundation, nor place thine hopes on the phantoms of a waking dream. Prepare for inisfortunes, and keep thyself always ready to war with adversity. Every thing in nature may be justly considered as an instructive lesson of our mortality.

Life has its spring, its summer, its autumn, and its winter. Many find a passage from the *first* to the grave; but those who survive both the summer and the autumn, must inevitably fall beneath the chilling blasts of winter; and the frozen hand of death will open for them the dreary portals of the tomb. Remember, my son, we are bound on a voyage to eternity, and that the passage is difficult and full of dangers; let us, therefore, be remarkably careful, lest the current of prosperity should carry our little barks into the eddies of pleasure, and they be



swallowed up by the whirlpools of vice or beaten to pieces on the rocks of despair. The merchant, animated with the hopes of riches, traverses the burning sands of the Arabian Wastes, to fetch the choice productions of the East: but what are all the golden treasures of Indostan, the pearls of Ormus, or the diamonds of Golconda, when compared with the permanent riches which crown the toils and sufferings of a true Christian? What person, therefore, would neglect such glorious prospects, because a few boisterous winds, and adverse blasts may attend his passage? surely he is undeserving of such glorious treasures, who is afraid to hazard a few momentary and perishing trifles, for joys of such intrinsic value and eternal duration.

Pursue now, my son, thy journey in peace; and when, by the favour of the Almighty thou hast reached the land of thy nativity, and sittest at ease in the habitation of thy fathers, engrave these precepts on the table of thy memory, and make them the constant subjects of thy thoughts; for then shalt thou securely

tread the paths of virtue, and desire, rather than fear the approach of the King of Terrors. Thou shalt smile at misfortunes, and under the weighty hand of adversity, remember with pleasure, the aged inhabitant of Lebanon."

## MORAL.

*Prudence and Piety can never be too much recommended and enforced on young People, as necessary Ingredients to direct their Actions.*

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**SELIM.**


AN

**EASTERN TALE.**

IN VIRTUE ALONE CONSISTS TRUE HAPPINESS.

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**WHEN** the renowned Haroun Araschid reigned supreme over the faithful, in the magnificent city of Bagdat, Aboul Mused was prime vizir, dispenser of the blessings of the most beneficent monarch to the most grateful of slaves. The Golden Age, so much talked of by poets, seemed to be renewed in the blessed reign of Calif Haroun Araschid; none complained of grievances without immediate redress; he made it his study to contribute to the felicity of his






people; it was too much to last. Aboul Mused, the delight of all hearts, the faithful slave to his sovereign, the deliverer of the oppressed, the refuge of the comfortless, the father of the poor, the Prince of the Imans; Aboul Mused, so long beloved, so much to be lamented, yielded his soul to the fatal arrow of the angel of death. The sincere sorrow, the dreadful lamentations, the never to be forgotten outcries of the faithful on that memorable day, are still the subject of conversation in Bagdat: to be as sorrowful as the faithful were at the death of Aboul Mused, is become a proverb. Thus virtue meets with some portion of its reward, by the respect it claims from the good even on earth.

To attempt to describe the sorrow of the Calif on the death of his favourite, would be as vain as to think of counting the sands of the sea, or giving a cause for the yearly overflowing of the headless Nile: suffice it to say, that it could not be exceeded. It was impossible the Calif should ever forget the words he spoke when he lay dying in the arms of his be-

loved son Selim Abdallah. “ O commander of the faithful ! think it not beneath thee to attend to the words of thy dying slave ; not to be sensible that I have deserved well of thee, would be doing injustice to my conscience : my heart accuses me not of ever having willingly offended thee ; I have constantly prayed to the great prophet, that he would intercede for thee with God, that thou shouldst possess accumulated heaps of virtuous honours : my prayers have been heard, and thou hast long blest thy faithful slaves of the city of Bagdat ; they have often tasted of thy munificence ; they know the blessings that are in the power of a good sovereign to bestow ; continue to overshadow them with the wings of thy goodness ; look upon them as children given thee by the Almighty for adoption : be not deaf to the voice of the oppressed ; be sure that thy Cadies do justice even to the meanest : suffer not corruption to approach the throne of judgment ; be severe to those who are deaf to the voice of reason, and never punish the slave whom milder methods

will reform ; for a slave executed may be a future friend lost ; in fine, virtuous Haroun, obey the good genius that constantly hovers over thee, and thou wilt not fail to do right."

With these words Aboul Mused, with almost a smile on his countenance, suffered his soul to take its flight into Paradise. If others were sorrowful, his son, Selim was more. The day before Aboul Mused quitted the earth, he spoke to Selim as follows : " I perceive, my son, the time of my dissolution approacheth : it is the will of the Almighty that I should go to my fathers, who are in Paradise, grieve not, Selim, at the decrees of fate, but comfort thyself with the certainty, that I will still be thy good genius, constantly attending thee, through life : I have instilled into thee some principles of virtue : treasure them up in thy soul, as they will be of service to thee in thy future conduct : my many avocations, and constant attendance on the commands of the best of sovereigns, hindered me from dedicating more of my time to thy instruction ; but take those



tablets, and thou wilt find therein contained a treasure of more worth to thee than the riches of the Persian empire."

Selim, as was before said, was beyond measure sorrowful for the loss of so good a parent : he shut himself up for a month, and would see nobody ; till at last, by the command of the Calif, he was obliged to appear : but, alas ! how altered from his former self ! no more could he captivate the hearts of his beholders : from the once sprightly Selim Abdallah, he was become almost inanimate. The Calif, to engage his attention, and rescue him from a fixed melancholy, gave him the most beautiful of his female slaves. Her name was Badoura ; she was possessed of every charm that could engage the heart save the love of virtue. She soon made a conquest of Selim, and by insensible degrees, led him into almost every species of vice ; at last, after a three years triumph, hurried by an excess of passion, she poisoned a slave of whom she was jealous. All the interest of Selim could not save her from suffering by the hands of the public executioner.

What one would have imagined was sufficient to have deprived him of the small remains of his reason; restored him to that which he had lost: reflection seized him; the soul of his father, which whilst he had strayed from the path of virtue, had forsaken him, now took its station as his good genius: it spoke to him in a voice that was to be heard by none but himself: "Selim, Selim, what hast thou been doing? dost thou remember the tablets?" Astonished to the last degree, he recollected he had not yet looked into the contents of them: he instantly went to his cabinet, and with a trembling hand opened them; but behold he could find nothing written in them. He examined them more carefully, and, at length, in small Arabic characters found these words: "The sage Mirza lives on the banks of the Euphrates, two leagues towards the setting sun, from Sultan Omar's caravansara."

Selim, still at a loss, could not conceive what concern it was to him to know where Mirza lived; yet tired of a place where he had been so remarkably vicious,

he asked the Calif permission to travel it was granted ; and having in a small space of time provided a suitable equipage, he set out to find Mirza. After having travelled seven days towards the point of the heavens in which the sun appears in its meridian lustre, he arrived at the Sultan Omar's caravansara. He had often enquired of various Faquirs, whom he met on the road, if they knew the sage Mirza ! and was told by them all, that there was not a sage in the east that could equal him for wisdom. He was not a little surprized to find votive tablets hung up in almost every part of the caravansara to the honor of Mirza, by people, who had been benefited by his wisdom. The three following were written on sky-coloured sattin, in letters of gold.

God alone is God. Nouridden Hassan, in gratitude to the illustrious sage Mirza ; for though he had been many years habituated to vice, he was in one hour, by Mirza's wisdom, made virtuous and happy. Praised be God.


The illustrious Emir, Ali, favourite to the greatest of Sovereigns, is indebted to Mirza, for all the happiness he enjoys. Blessed be God.

Blessed be God, who is the fountain of virtue. Be it known to the faithful, that Aboul Mused, the Happy, is permitted by Mirza, the sage, to stile himself his friend. Praised be God for all things.\*

\* In every thing give thanks to God, who giveth to all liberally and upbraideth not.

Judge if reading the last tablet was not a pleasure to Selim: he hastened, and turning the head of his camel towards the habitation of Mirza, ordered his attendants to wait till he returned: with double joy he went in search of him; expecting to have found him in a cottage-like retreat, he was surprised, after an hour's travel, to see before him a magnificent palace; but more so, when he was told, by some slaves, whom he met, that therein dwelt their master, the sage Mirza.

The main building stood on the decline of a hill, the summit of which was covered by a wood of Palm trees; before it, at the distance of a thousand paces, ran the great river Euphrates: between the house and the river were pastures, on which were cattle feeding without number: on the right side of the house, as you approached it, were the stables and granaries; over against them stood the apartments for the domestics and chief slaves: in the front, betwixt the two wings, was a large bason; in the middle of it, on a pedestal of marble, was Charity represented by a slave taking off the




fetters of a horse that had fallen. Betwixt the wood and the back front of the house were two wings ; in one of which were baths for the use of the family ; the other was an hospital for the reception of diseased men and animals.

Selim, as he approached the dwelling of Mirza, perceived in himself a pleasing awe he could no ways account for ; however, he bid the slave he found in the portal, say, that Selim Abdallah, son of Aboul Mused the Happy, waited the commands of the sage Mirza.

He had been but a few minutes in a spacious hall, before Mirza appeared, and embracing him, said, " How happy am I to embrace my friend Mused, in the person of his son Selim ! Retire with me, my son, to my apartment, and thou shalt not repent thy taking such a journey to see me."


After Selim had partaken of a cold collation that was instantly served up, Mirza began as follows : " I am not, my son, a stranger to the various occurrences of thy past life : thou art a repentant ; I shall therefore, forget what thou hast done





amiss. My friend thy father Mused (had Haroun Araschid paid the tribute due to mortality) was to have passed the remainder of his days with me : I have not been always retired from the busy world ; thy father desired me to instruct thee, and make thee deserving of the present I mean to bestow on thee : attend to my story which I will tell thee in a few words. I succeeded my father Alboulcasem as Vizir to Mahommed, Sultan of Balsora. I had not long been Vizir before I became acquainted with the Faquir Myd Hamyr : he taught thy father and myself to have a right notion of virtue ; and dying soon after, promised to be my good genius, and to direct my every thought. I found him true to his word, and have ever obeyed the impulse, little less than divine, and by that means have long enjoyed the title of Sage. I gained honour during my administration as Vizir, and immediately after the Sultan's death built this retreat, and have lived here ever since.

Make virtue the basis of every action of thy life : thy father's soul will direct



thee; obey the impulse, and behave in such a manner to every creature, that even thine enemies must approve of thee: let no passion be predominant in thy breast but the love of God, and universal charity to all his creatures: be resigned to the will of thy Maker, and let thy prayers rather consist of *thanksgivings* than *petitions*; God best knows what is for thy good; dictate not to him who is all wise: virtue is all in all; and in virtue alone consists the wisdom I am famed for."

Mirza having finished his discourse, asked Selim for his father's tablets; and having strewed on them some ashes of the root of the herb Cotis, there appeared these words, of a pale green colour:

*Blessed be God, who hath brought to pass that which I wished for: my son is virtuous; my soul is at rest. Selim, now thou hast tasted the sweets of virtuous wisdom, let not any thing tempt thee to desert it; I, my son, will be thy good genius, and will direct thee in the right way. Claim of Mirza the promise he long ago made me; and thou wilt be happy. Be virtuous, or thou deservedst not his favour.*

"I perceive, Selim, said Mirza, thou art at a loss to know what I promised thy father; it was, that I would give to thee

my daughter Fatima. Here she comes; take her, and make each other happy."

What answer could Selim give to so much goodness? his every look expressed gratitude; he had seen and loved Fatima at Bagdat, without knowing who she was. Fatima, in her person, was not beautiful, but entirely agreeable: she had sensibility in her look that struck her beholders with awe. With Mirza's notions of virtue and honour, she had a delicacy that adapted them to her sex; sincerity and truth accompanied all her thoughts and words; unconscious of having done evil, she had a chearful serenity of temper: every body that heard her sentiments approved of them, without her seeming to know it; she gave every body the praise that was their due but herself, and was fearful of not deserving the praises that was bestowed on her.

With Fatima, Selim was the happiest of men. He was some time after appointed Grand Vizir of Damascus; and having been famed for virtue, and blessed the people under his care for thirty revolutions of the sun, he retired with his still

beloved Fatima to Mirza's habitation, and ended his days in peace.

## MORAL.

*Wisdom and Virtue lead to the Habitations of true Joy, Felicity and Peace.*

Vice its own punishment will ever prove,  
But Virtue leads to blissful realms above.

RURAL CHRISTIAN.

## AFFECTING PASSAGE

BETWEEN A

Father and Son.

GLORIOUS FORBEARANCE! WORTHY OF A CROWN.

ALPHONSO, King of Portugal, had come into France to solicit succours, in support of his niece Joanna's claim to Castile. From the repeated cold treatment he met with at the court of Lewis XI, he could entertain no hopes of success! he even apprehended being delivered up to Ferdinand, the reigning King of Castile. In order to divert the prosecutions of any bad design against him, he gave out that he intended to renounce the world, and spend the remainder of his days in the exercises of



devotion and penitence; and farther, wrote an eternal adieu to Don Juan, his son, ordering him to cause himself to be crowned King, without loss of time. After dispatching this letter, he privately withdrew; on which it was reported that he had crossed the seas on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem; but by the strict search made after him, he was discovered in a village near Honfleur.

Lewis's interest now requiring that he should protect Alphonso, to place him against Ferdinand and Isabella, then negotiating with Maximilian, who, having married the heiress of Burgundy, was become master of the Netherlands; Lewis urged Alphonso to return to his dominions, and ordered the province of Normandy to furnish requisites for the voyage. Don Juan, in the mean time, pursuant to his father's orders, had convened the states of Portugal in order to his coronation; and that ceremony was scarcely over, when he received advice that the king, his father, was landed.

Every consideration immediately gave way to filial duty. The young prince ab-

dicates the sovereignty, lays aside the royal ensigns, and flies into his father's arms. Alphonso insisted on his resuming the crown, in which his son, for the first time, presumed to disobey him, and could not be brought to accept of any other title, than that of The Most Faithful of his Subjects. Well may it be said, happy the father of such a son, whose duty and affection are manifest to all around, and whose love and obedience deservedly place him among the best of children.

MORAL.

*Fear God. Honour the King.*

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## TRUE FRIENDSHIP.


*An Allegory.*

A WORLD, IN PURCHASE FOR A FRIEND, IS GAIN.

*Dr. Young*


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A RICH merchant had an only son, whom he most tenderly loved; he was educated with the utmost care, and nothing was neglected to render him perfectly accomplished. The education of this youth being nearly finished, he



formed a resolution to travel. "My son, said his father to him, one day, consider, that amongst all the acquisitions of mankind, that of a friend is the most desirable. Prodigality may deprive us of our riches, a reverse of fortune may tumble the most powerful into adversity, but death alone can deprive us of a real friend; if you can but find one real friend in the course of your life, you will find a most valuable treasure. I desire, also, my son, that you will visit every part of the world; travelling will furnish you with experience; the more we see of mankind, the better we are qualified to live amongst them. The world is a large volume that will instruct those who know how to read in it. It is a faithful mirror, that presents to our view those objects that will give us instruction. Go, my son, but remember in your voyage to make the acquisition of a true friend. For this you may sacrifice the most valuable articles you possess.


The young man took leave of his father and went to visit a country at a small distance from his own; where he con-



tinued but a short time and then returned to his father.

"I am amazed, my son, said the old gentleman, that you should make so speedy a return." "You commanded me, (replied the son) to go in search of a friend, and I have found fifty of them, who are models of the most perfect friendship."

"My son, (replied the merchant) do not trifle with a name so sacred; do you forget what the Persian poet said upon this occasion? *Speak not in favour of your friend, till you have proved him.* 'Tis an extraordinary character, and most of those who pretend to this sacred title, wear only the mask of friendship; they resemble a cloud that is dispersed by the smallest rays of the sun; they behave to those whom they pretend to esteem, as a toper would to a flask of wine; so long as it contains any of the enchanting liquor, it is embraced with ardor, but as soon as it is empty, it is thrown under the table: I am of opinion, that the friends, whom you seem to entertain so exalted an opinion of, bear some resemblance to those I have been describing."





“Father, (replied the young man) your suspicions are unjust; those whom I look upon as my friends, are such as would assist me in my adversity.”

“I have lived *seventy* years (replied the merchant,) I have experienced good and bad fortune, and in such a long course of years, have hardly been able to find a single friend; how happens it, that at your age, and in so short a time, you should have found fifty! Learn of me the knowledge of mankind.”

The merchant then killed a sheep, conveyed it into a bag, and besmeared his son's clothes with the blood of the animal; thus every thing being in readiness for the design he had formed, he proposed to carry it into execution in the night. He took the bag which contained the body of the sheep, and put it on his son's shoulders, whom he instructed what to say upon the occasion.

The young gentleman knocked at the door of one of his fifty friends, who opened it, and demanded the subject of his visit. “’Tis in misfortunes only, replied the son of the merchant, that we can have

an opportunity of proving our friends. I have often told you of the enmity that has subsisted between my family and that of a noble lord. Chance brought us together, in a retired place ; hatred induced us both to draw our swords ; I ran him through the body, and he expired at my feet. Fearing that the officers of justice should pursue me. I have brought his body, which is in the bag on my shoulder, and entreat the favour of you to let me conceal it in your house till the clamour shall a little subside."

"My house is too small, (replied his friend) with an air of chagrin and embarrassment, it will hardly contain the living that inhabit it, and therefore I cannot find room for the dead. Besides, (continued he) every one is acquainted with the hatred that subsisted between you and the nobleman whom you have killed, and therefore they will readily conclude, that you are the author of his death : and as it is publicly known that we are particular friends, they will naturally come to search my house : it will do you no service for me to plunge

myself into your misfortune, and **all** the good I can do you is to keep the secret."

The young man made several trials, but to no purpose; at length despairing of success with this ingrate, he went successively to all the fifty persons from whose friendship he had promised himself, every thing he should ask, and fifty times he received the same kind of treatment.

"You see my son, said the merchant to him, how little can we rely upon mankind! What is become of the zeal of those, whose praises you have so pompously dwelt upon? See how they desert you when you have need of their assistance. I will now shew you the difference between one friend that I have found, and the fifty which you have procured."

He then went to the door of the person, whom he had mentioned to his son as a model of perfect friendship, and told him the pretended misfortune that had happened to his son.

"Oh! thrice happy day cried the old man, that furnishes me with an opportunity of shewing my attachments to you; by relying upon me you make me happy;

my house is wholly at your service, and were it at the utmost hazard of my life, I would joyfully do any thing to serve you."

The merchant, after returning thanks to his friend for these generous offers, told him what he had been relating to him was a tale invented only as a lesson for his son, to teach him how to distinguish between a *real* and a *pretended* friend.

Friendship's the wine of life,  
But since friends grow not thick on every bough;  
Nor every friend unrotten at the core;  
First on thy friend, deliberate with thyself;  
Pause, ponder, sift, not eager in the choice;  
Nor jealous of the chosen; fixing, fix;  
Judge before friendship, then confide till death.

NIGHT THOUGHTS.

MORAL.

*A real Friend is an invaluable Treasure; a Friend loveth at all times; a Friend in need is a Friend indeed.*

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A

## REMARKABLE INSTANCE

OF

### FILIAL PIETY.

DUTIFUL CHILDREN ARE BLESSINGS FROM ABOVE.

ABOUT ten or twelve years ago, an officer of the guards, being in Essex, on

a recruiting party, made a short stay at Chelmsford, where he picked up several recruits.

The evening preceding the day appointed for his departure from that town, a very tall youth, of a most engaging figure, whose open honest countenance was sufficient to prejudice any one in his favour, offered himself.

The captain, at the very first sight, wished to have this young fellow in his company; he observed him tremble, when he made the offer to enlist; and attributed this emotion to timidity, or, perhaps, the uneasiness a young man might feel at selling himself, who is sensible of the value of liberty; he intimated his suspicions on this head, and endeavoured to encourage him. Ah! Sir, replies the youth do not attribute my confusion to such base motives; it rises only from the dread of being refused: you perhaps will not accept of me; and should this be the case, how dreadful is my misfortune! Some tears escaped him, and he finished his speech.

The captain assured him he was ready


to enlist him, and demanded his terms. I cannot propose them without trembling, answered the youth ; perhaps they will disgust you. I am young, you see my size, I am able in every respect, and willing to serve his Majesty : but an unfortunate circumstance obliges me to stand upon terms that doubtless you will think exorbitant : be assured without the most pressing reasons, I should not sell my service ; but necessity has no law ; I cannot enlist under ten guineas, and you will break my heart if you refuse me upon these terms.

Ten guineas ! replied the officer : the sum is considerable ; I acknowledge I like you, and you seem willing ; so I shall not stand haggling with you ; there is the money. The sergeant will see you properly attested, and keep yourself in readiness to march at an hour's notice.

The youth readily signed his certificate, and received the ten guineas with as much thankfulness as if they had been given him as a present. He then requested his captain to permit him to go and fulfil a sacred obligation, promising to return to

his quarters instantly. The captain remarking something extraordinary in the behaviour of the youth, was curious to discover the motives of his conduct, he watched him narrowly, and observed he ran to the county gaol, his hurry preventing him from taking notice of the captain. The youth knock'd briskly at the door, and the moment it was open, called out to the gaoler, Here is the debt and costs in the action on which my father has been arrested; I deposit the money in your hands; conduct me to him that I may have the pleasure of setting him at liberty.

The officer stops a minute, to give him time to reach his father alone, and then enters into the prison. He sees the youth clasped in the arms of an old man, whom he is ready to smother with his caresses and tears, and whom he informs that he has purchased his liberty at the price of his own: the person embraces him again. The officer moved to compassion at this affecting sight, advances, and says to the old man: " Comfort yourself, I will not take your son from you, I will share



the merit of this worthy deed: he is free as well as you, and I regret not, in the least, a sum of which he has made so noble a use, there is his discharge. The father and son threw themselves at his feet; the last declines accepting his proffered liberty, and conjures the captain to permit him to join the regiment; saying, he should only be burthensome to his father, who had no further need of him: The officer could not refuse his request.

The youth served the usual time; always saved something from his pay, which he constantly remitted to his father; and when he got his discharge, returned home, and has ever since maintained the old man by his industry.

MORAL:

*Filial piety and obedience is acceptable both to God and man, and shall never go unrewarded either in this world or that which is to come.*

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## CARLOS AND ANTONIO;

*An Affecting Tale.*

DUELLING IS MURDER WHEN IT PROVES FATAL.

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CARLOS and Antonio were the twin

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sons of Don Manuel Luzina; the beauty of their persons was only exceeded by the amiable accomplishments of their minds; a sincere wish to promote the happiness of each other, had ever influenced their hearts from their earliest infancy. In them the happiness of their parents was solely centered; to them their peace was equally dear: but oh! how uncertain, how slight the foundation of all earthly joys! They who never yet experienced a reverse of fortune were now doomed to inevitable destruction.

Both these once happy brothers became captivated by the charms of the *samelady*, and Carlos, finding his brother too successful a rival, insisted that he should either instantly resign the lady to him or measure swords; in vain Antonio declared himself incapable of quitting the dear object of his affections, and there appeared something so horrible in his brother's last proposal, that the bare reflection of it was almost insupportable. Carlos now only considered his brother as his rival, the sight of him was odious, and he was now as anxious to deprive

him of his life, as he had ever been to preserve it. His repeated insults at last compelled Antonio to accept his challenge. They met, unattended, in a grove contiguous to their father's garden; each drew his sword, and Antonio, having received a mortal wound, fell in the arms of his brother, breathed out a short forgiveness, embraced him and expired.


Carlos, now too late, became convinced of his error; a train of ideas now succeeded each other in his mind, too horrible for words to express, or a tranquil mind to conceive. Remorse planted a thousand dangers in his heart; he reflected with admiration on the virtue of his brother, and life, without him, was now insupportable; he dreaded the reproaches of the world, and in those reflections was tempted to commit a crime (if possible) greater than that which his soul was already charged with; he seized the weapon, yet warm in the blood of his brother, and plunged it in his own guilty heart.

At that instant Don Manuel entered the grove; the fineness of the morning had invited him to quit his apartment



much earlier than usual ; he arose, perhaps, in his imagination, the most happy of fathers, and entered his garden with a satisfaction which is ever the companion of the virtuous : He sought the inmost recesses of the grove, but knew not that those abodes of peace and pleasure contained a spectacle too horrid for his infirmities to sustain ; for who can express the emotions of his heart, when he beheld his beloved Carlos weeping over the body of his brother ! Here let me appeal to the feelings of my reader, nor attempt to describe an interview which may be felt, but cannot be expressed. Let it suffice, that Carlos lived to unfold the fatal story of their woes to his father, and then closed his eyes for ever.

Grief for a while denied the wretched father utterance ; when his strength and spirits were sufficiently returned, as he wept over the pale remains of his sons, he made this appeal to heaven in their behalf. “ O thou Almighty, thou justly incensed God, hear the prayer of thy devoted servant, accord the pardon of my misguided children, and as thou hast punished, do thou in mercy pity them.



Yesterday I was most happy in them, to day I am (in their fall) rendered completely miserable. But it was thy will ; be it mine to submit." He could add no more, but returned to his house in a state of distraction, which in a few hours put a period to his life.

How happy must that man be, let his condition in life be what it may, who can adopt the poet's language in his address to heaven, and say,

This day be bread and peace my lot,  
All else beneath the sun,  
Thou know'st if best bestow'd or not,  
And let thy will be done.

POPE.

MORAL.

*Duelling is not more contrary to the Dictates of Humanity, than it is highly offensive in the sight of God.*

## THE KING AND THE DERVISE.

*Death makes no Distinction.*

BOTH HIGH AND LOW, THE RICH AND POOR MUST DIE.

A Certain king one day amusing himself with walking, observed a Dervise sitting with an human skull in his lap ; not seeing his majesty, the reverend old man

kept looking very earnestly at the scull, and appeared to be in a profound reverie. His attitude and manner surprised the monarch, who approached him, and demanded the cause of his being so deeply engaged in reflection. "Sire," said the Dervise, "this scull was presented to me this morning, and I have, from that moment, been endeavouring, but in vain, to discover whether it is the scull of a powerful monarch, like your Majesty, or of a poor Dervise like myself."

We may learn from hence, the folly of being proud of our *birth, fortune, titles*, or any thing else we enjoy here below, which may render us superior to the rest of our fellow creatures; as death will sooner or later place us on a level with the meanest beggar; well does a late eminent poet say,

Earth's highest station ends in, *Here he lies,*  
and *dust to dust* concludes her noblest song.

MORAL.

*In the Grave, the Rich and Poor are equally  
the Food of Worms, and the Subjects of Putre-  
faction. Virtue alone survives the Grave;*

Her monuments shall last, when Egypt's fall.

Dr. YOUNG.

THE  
ORPHAN MAID.

*A PATHETIC FRAGMENT.*

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“ A month elapsed, when I was admitted to her chamber; but every object around me, blasted my hopes of life and roused my fears. With a trembling hand I drew aside the curtain; but what an object presented itself to view! It was the amiable Eliza,—but Eliza in ruins! Even the consolations of the Gospel, though they had composed her mind, had been unable to restore her bodily health. Her countenance at once declared, that there was but a step between her and the grave.

The clergyman, who had been in God's hand, the honoured instrument of bringing her to an acquaintance with JESUS CHRIST, the friend of sinners, was sitting by her bed-side. He had just finished prayer, and perceiving her end drawing near, had commended her departing soul to God. Though she was yet sensible, my approach, for some time, attracted no at

tention. Her languid eyes were raised to Heaven, and she perceived me not. At length she saw and recognised me, and, reaching out her trembling hand, she said, 'My dear friend, the peace of God be with you! The Redeemer's blessing rest upon you! I feel the approach of death; but I fear him not. This dear man (pointing to her minister) has been the means of delivering me from his terrors. He has brought me to an acquaintance with *One*, who has promised, "He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me, shall never die."

This gracious promise I find, in part, already fulfilled in myself. Though my mortal body is just dissolved, I count not my departure *death*; it is the beginning of endless life. Though my heart and my flesh are failing, yet God is even now the strength of my heart, and will be my portion for ever! Yes, sirs; Jesus is a faithful God. He will keep his word to all his saints. He has made all my bed in my sickness; he now smooths my dying pillow, and he will bless me through the countless ages of eternity.'

The exertion of such an address overpowered her tender frame. She sank under it, and neither opened her lips nor eyes any more. From this time, her breath grew shorter and shorter. Presently it stopped!—we thought she had departed!—it went on again;—again it stopped, and again went on;—then stopped,—and stopped for *ever*!—

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AN  
EVENING'S WALK,

OR THE

*Benefits of Reflection.*

RETIRE! THE WORLD SHUT OUT, THY THOUGHTS CALL  
HOME. *Dr. Young.*

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THE Sun was gradually descending down the western skies, the shadows were lengthened into gigantic shapes, and the air delightfully calm, when — Theron, jun. son of — Theron, Esq. of Friendly Hall, in Somersetshire, took a serious walk into the neighbouring fields, to enjoy the sweetness of the closing flowers, and meditate without disturbance. on the beauties of a summer's eve.



Pleased with the serenity and fineness of the surrounding landscape, lost in admiring the pomp and grandeur of the setting sun, and unconscious of the speedy flight of time, Theron strolled along the verdant meads till he came to a grove of trees, at the extremity of which, and on the brink of a murmuring stream, was erected a monument to the memory of Eliza Wharton, a young lady of great beauty and fortune, the only daughter of Sir Thos. Wharton, lord of the manor, who died in the 17th year of her age,\* of a cold she caught in a party of pleasure on the water in the month of June.

Here the young Squire sat down at the foot of an aged oak ;† and after surveying with attention the several inscriptions on the monument, and taking out of his pocket a book of poems which he usually carried about with him as a pocket companion in his rural walks, read the following epitaph on a lady, written by her lover a few hours after her death.

\* She was a beautiful young lady, whom Theron once loved and admired, and had she lived, would have been proposed by his father, as a suitable wife for him.

† See the Frontispiece.

Sing, plaintive muse! in sympathetic strains,  
 And pour your wailings into Pity's ears,  
 Maria's gone! alas, what now remains,  
 But heart-felt grief, and ever flowing tears.  
 Think of her fate! revere th' Almighty hand,  
 That snatcht her hence, tho' soon, by steps  
 so slow;  
 Long at her couch, death took his silent stand,  
 And threaten'd oft, and oft withheld the blow.\*  
 Say are you sure his mercy shall extend  
 'To you so long a span? alas! ye sigh;  
 Make then, while yet ye may, your God, your  
 friend,  
 And learn with equal ease to *sleep* or *die*.

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

Here Theron, stopt, and again looked  
 with pity and concern on Eliza's monu-  
 ment; for some minutes he was lost in  
 thought, at length, he uttered in a sym-  
 pathetic tone, the following soliloquy:

“Poor Eliza, where art thou now? and  
 thou, once fair and beautiful Maria, what's  
 become of thee? I knew thy virtues, and  
 shall ever hold thy memory dear. What  
 is youth, with all the charms of beauty  
 and the gifts of fortune, if thus dissolved  
 at once and gone so soon! Life! how

\* She died of a lingering consumption.

THE YOUNG MORALIST.

various! Earth's fairest scenes and alluring prospects, Alas! how frequently are they overclouded with pain, diseases or accidents. Yes! all on earth *vanity*! our brightest hopes are in a moment darkened, and often vanish in the morning of our days, as the early dawn at the rising of the sun; our promises of happiness and expectations of future glory are blasted and destroyed in the twinkling of an eye.

What then is youth, but vanity? and all terrestrial enjoyments, but vexation and tribulation? nothing here below is permanent and abiding; a few years more at most, and we shall be only *days*, and I myself must die, tho' now I'm young, in health, and free from pain, I tremble to reflect, how soon I may be numbered with the silent

Yes, I know I must ere long die like as others, but where I shall be buried, and what will be the condition of my soul when separated from my body, alas! who can tell?

When the shadows of the evening shall be succeeded by the gloomy veil of night, when the verdant fields, and yonder charm-

ing prospect of distant hills and vales and opening glades, will lose their charms and be no longer seen; thus will it be with the pleasing enchantments of riches, youth and beauty, when the last enemy of nature shall close my weary eye-lids, and all things on earth shall be no more to me."

Here Theron stopt, and after writing with a pencil, the following pathetic lines on Eliza's monument, expressing his sentiments on the vanity, and lamenting the frailty of every sublunary pleasure, returned to his habitation, while the moon, in silver pride, rode slowly through the skies.

Happy the man, and he alone appears,  
Who having once, unmov'd by hopes or fears,  
Surveyed the sun, earth, ocean, clouds and flame,  
Returns well-satisfied from whence he came.  
Tho' life's an *hundred* years, or e'er so few,  
'Tis repetition all and nothing new:

Death is the certain end of all that live,  
Health may prolong, but can't the debt forgive,  
Then why procrastinate the fatal hour,  
When the *next* moment is beyond your power?

Millions have lived upon *to-morrow's name*,  
And, dying, found *to-morrow* never came.  
Life, how precarious! but how sure our doom!  
E'en cradles rock us nearer to the tomb.

Hence, mortal! learn no more to boast  
Of beauty, knowledge, wealth or pow'r,  
For all we can enjoy at most,  
Are but the pageants of an hour.

Then come *Religion*! Child of Truth,\*  
And lead me thro' this vale of tears;  
Thou staff of age and guide of youth,  
Come soothe my pains, dispel my fears.

Assist me in the hour of death,  
When nothing from his stroke can save,  
In praise to spend my latest breath,  
And joyful triumph o'er the grave.

*Solitary Walks.*

\* The sacred truths of religion, and they *alone*, are happily calculated to yield comfort in affliction, and serenity in the views of death.



FINIS.



1. *Chlorophyll a* (Chl *a*)

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